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THE SQUAW BOOK

The Squaw Book

The squaws of the Onondagas made this book that the great chiefs might give them wampum for it, so that the squaws, having wampum, might bribe the medicine men to cure with weird charms those who have been wounded in the long battle and cannot fight for themselves. For pity of the wounded in the long battle the squaws of the Onondagas in their Council Halls did this book.



Published for the benefit of

The Free Dispensary

506 South Warren Street

Syracuse, N. Y.

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THE MASON-HENRY PRESS
SYRACUSE AND NEW YORK

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THE SQUAW BOOK

The Man's Woman

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

"Forty-thirty—deuce—vantage in—game—set—games 6—3— Miss Irwin wins" called the umpire monotonously from his high perch.

A flutter of clapping rippled down the double, triple lines of summer dresses and flanneled men watching the tournament. Miss Irwin was popular, it seemed. And the play had been fast and close. Miss Irwin with cheeks flushed to an emphasis and rather wild hair, sprang down to the net; her antagonist met her with a cheerful smile and the two shook hands according to Hoyle. As they separated from the honorable salute, a man at the corner of the court, sitting back a bit, in the straggling third row, a bit also out of earshot from neighbors, leaned over to the girl nearest him.

"Pretty tennis enough," he murmured, "but I like the way your hair looks much better."

"Oh, if it's hair"—and the girl laughed. "But it isn't, you see—to Madge Irwin. It's the great game—and it's worth while to get dead-tired and scarlet and wild man of Borneo-ish generally. *She* doesn't care how she looks—she really doesn't. And you know she's rather pretty when she's neat—she is—you needn't raise your eyebrows. Have you met her yet?"

"No. Only got here last night you see. Haven't wanted to meet anybody but—but you. However, athletic young ladies aren't my style."

"You're old-fashioned. It's the thing to be nowadays. *I* can't manage it, you know, to be frank. I'm just too hopelessly feminine. I can't play tennis or golf or ride or shoot or swim—or anything. I'm not higher-ly educated either. I don't know Greek or philosophy. You mustn't talk to me about politics, for I shan't understand—and see—how weak my wrists are—isn't it disgraceful?" And she put out slim hands with nails like sea-shells. "And I'd hate to get frowzy and scarlet like Madge Irwin. But it's very old-fashioned of me."

Under the bobbing roses of the organdie hat—a \$50.00 creation

which was not old-fashioned—large blue eyes smiled up appealingly. Every blond hair lay in its shining place; every fold of the filmy Paris dress shimmered in the right curve; it was a satisfying picture—to one with a taste for the sort. The man's eyes lighted fervently; it seemed he had the taste.

"A man loves to feel he can—he can take care of a girl—and—and—do the rough things for her," he brought out earnestly. "That's the man's part. And the Greek and the politics are the man's part too—don't you bother your pretty head about them. To look and be as you are is—plenty. Old-fashioned women, like old-fashioned roses, are the—the sweetest." He spoke lower, bending nearer, and nobody noticed, for a new match was beginning. "If all women were like you the world would be a better place—"

* * * * *

Three weeks. August now, at the seashore, and the girl of the Paris gowns and the old-fashioned status was gone. Gone, but not before she had noticed a degree or two of difference in the temperature of the tone which had compared her, in all her glory, to old-time roses. He was eligible, the young man of the old-fashioned theories, and very handsome, and enthusiastic, and firm in his convictions, but subject to change, as is the lot of man. And she had heard much less of the charm of the pure feminine undefiled, of late days. So she took the morning train to pastures new, not wholly without resignation; it was not amusing to stay on and see Madge Irwin, casual and breezy, hypnotizing this Baldur the Beautiful, without lifting a finger to do it. She was gone. And Madge Irwin, with a half-dozen others, less to the point, was going in swimming. She stood with hands in the pockets of her long, boyish ulster—over her bathing-suit—her dark hair bound tight in flat braids, her pose full of vigor, her face full of out-of-doors freshness, and waited for the others, and talked to him.

"Yes, I can—I can swim a mile. Can you?"

"No—never did over three-quarters—you're a wonder—you can do everything—can't you?"

"Oh *my*, no!" She had a straightforward way which made one forgive her her prowess. "Nothing but—stunts. Just tennis and swimming and riding and such. I don't know anything. I can hardly spell straight. Now there's Adèle—she's the wonder. She's a Scholar from Scholarville. Knows all about scarabs and Caribs and

coins and Homer and things—talks Greek in her sleep, I think. And pretty too—and wears such good clothes! *She's* a wonder, if you please."

The man looked absent-minded. "Oh—yes—I dare say. Don't care much for learned ladies myself. Can she swim?"

"Swim—Oh *my*, no. You ask too much. But isn't it better to know things than just to use your muscles?"

"Not to my mind," the young man disagreed firmly. "A man likes a woman who is a comrade, who can join him in his pleasures, who has courage and frankness and health, and joy of life. It's the steady nerves and the red blood that bring gentleness and happiness. That's the kind of women men really like, when they're not infatuated with some doll face, when they judge clearly and calmly. The kind *you* are, you know. If all women had your nerve and sweetness—if only all women were like you, the world would be a better place than it is"—and he meant it with his soul.

* * * * *

In the British Museum a bride and groom with note-books sat down to rest from their labors.

"What fun it is to do this together, Adèle," the man gasped, hat in hand. "How beautiful it is to be companions and friends intellectually—as well as—as lovers. It's the highest sort of companionship possible. And what a wonder you are at Greek, dearest—why you know it better than I do."

The girl laughed. "You—you beautiful sun-god!—you don't know it at all. I'm one of those horrible new women who are a menace to the race, don't you see—and my worst crime is that I'm a college graduate and a Greek specialist. I'm sorry—do you hate me? Do my clothes fit *very* badly? They cost a lot, you know. And am I hideous—Oh, you *don't* think I'm hideous, do you? Say *Zónē mou sās agapō* it's all the Greek you can say, 'My life, I love you.'"

The man laughed rapturously. "You're everything—beautiful, sweet, clever—and to think I might have married a woman without brains and thought I was happy! It makes me shiver."

"I'm not a bit a man's woman, you know," the girl said wistfully. "I'm sorry—if you mind."

"You're this man's woman, and that's all he wants," he brought out ecstatically. "If all women were like you, this world would be a better, higher place."

An Old Book

By IRVING G. VANN

When I was a boy—never mind how long ago it was—I heard Professor Upson of Hamilton College deliver a brilliant lecture on literature. His discourse was full of entertaining anecdotes and among them was one about Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer and the first English writer of his time. The professor said that the learned doctor in writing his dictionary which crystallized the English language into its present form, defined “garret” as “the highest room in the house,” and “loft” as “the room above the garret.” This amused me so much that I resolved, if the time ever came when I could afford it, to purchase a copy of the original edition of the work. The time was long in coming, but finally when I saw in a catalogue of second-hand books a copy of “Doctor Johnson’s great dictionary of the English language, first edition,” advertised for sale, I sent what then seemed to me a good-sized check for it. In due time the book arrived, but alas, it was the first American, not the first English edition, and it did not contain the definitions which years before had arrested my attention. At last the time came when I secured the original edition published by Longman of London in 1775, but on turning to the definitions of the two words which had so interested me, I found that they were not quite as, according to my recollection, Professor Upson had stated. “Garret” was defined as “a room on the highest floor of the house,” and “loft” as “the highest floor of the house.” The contrast was not so keen as I had supposed and I was disappointed, but still the great work has been a source of delight to me ever since.

It consists of two large folio volumes, each about four inches thick and sixteen inches high, bound in thin boards of oak covered with embossed leather. The original binding of my copy is well preserved except that each volume has been rebacked. The first volume opens with an elaborate and admirable preface in which the author intimates that some errors might be found, for he declared that doubtless there were “a few wild blunders and risible absurdities from which no work

of such multiplicity was ever free, which for a time may furnish folly with laughter and harden ignorance into contempt." There is also a useful "History of the English Language," followed by a "Comprehensive Grammar," which, to some extent, has formed the basis of all grammars of our language since published. While not the first dictionary to give the origin and roots of words, for Bailey had made some effort in this direction more than forty years before, it was more thorough in this regard than any of its predecessors and was the first to illustrate the meaning of words by quotations from well-known writers so skilfully chosen as to make it even now a pleasure to read them. It was a pioneer work in many other respects, for there was no good lexicon of the English language before his, and it has become the foundation of all our dictionaries ever since. Every scholar of to-day is under obligation to it and it has done more for our language than any other book ever published in English. It has been justly called "a most remarkable achievement, and was epoch-making in the history of the language, for it determined the form, meaning and use of English words." The most that was doubtful or variable in the usage of good writers, the influence of his name and scholarship made certain and permanent.

Some amusing definitions may be found which illustrate the little prejudices of the great author, but do not detract from the value of the work as a whole. Stubborn Tory that he was, the doctor could not forbear to indirectly hit the government then in power, which he cordially hated, by defining "excise" as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities and judged not by common judges of property but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." The word "pension" also opened the door of his wrath, for he defined it as "pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country" and "pensioner," as "a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master." He must have thought differently when a few years later a change of government brought him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, which was his solace and comfort during the rest of his life and without which he might have died in want.

He never received adequate compensation for his numerous books, and well knew what it was to starve in a garret while he was writing with eloquence and learning works that will never die. For more than thirty years his life was a struggle with poverty. He received

fifteen hundred pounds for his dictionary upon which he labored for seven years, and he had to expend a part of it for assistance in copying and reading proof. The booksellers who employed him to write it gradually advanced the money and it was all gone before the day of publication arrived. The year after, he was twice arrested for debt and more than ten years later, "in the evenings of a week," he wrote *Rasselas* to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. The first sentence of that remarkable work well illustrates the fulness and eloquence of his style: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of the knowledge of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia."

This sententious style was characteristic, for in the preface of what dictionary but his would you expect to find an opening sentence like this: "It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause and diligence without reward."

Two more sentences, selected almost at random from his noted preface, show how he could adorn even a dictionary with beauty of thought and power of expression. "I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth and that deeds are the sons of heaven." "The English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow; and it may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto accomplished."

Uncouth in appearance, odd in dress and a sloven in habits, for more than a quarter of a century he was the central figure in English literature, and to-day is classified by the best judges as one of the five foremost writers in our language. While, of course, the least interesting, the most valuable of all his writings is the immortal dictionary, through which he became, as he is often called, "the dictator of the English language." I frequently hope, as I fondle the ponderous tomes, that

at some time he may have actually handled my identical volumes, himself, and may have turned over the pages to criticize his own work. The only evidence, however, that I have to support this pleasing theory is, that some of the pages are sufficiently soiled to accord with what tradition says was the condition of every book he read.

Beacon Island

By FORBES HEERMANS

I

About midnight the wind had veered into the northeast, and at day-break the sea was driving against the windward side of the island in long booming surges, making a dangerous surf. The sky was in a state of sullen disorder, and low-hanging black clouds in endless succession went hurrying down the wind, which by ten o'clock had risen to the strength of half a gale. This was the beginning of the great storm of August, 1905, which will long be remembered on the North Atlantic coast as the worst in thirty years.

As Thornton was sauntering about the rotunda-like office of the Beacon Island Hotel after breakfast, doing nothing in particular (and that, by the way, was precisely what he had been doing all the twenty-eight years of his life), he saw Constance Seyton come downstairs, wearing a waterproof cloak and carrying a sketch-book in her hand. Apparently she did not see him, but as she passed Lansing, who was writing at a small table near a window, she paused long enough to utter a few words, which he answered with a curt nod, and then went out of doors. Obeying a sudden impulse Thornton followed her, and as he crossed the office he saw the hotel clerk hand Lansing a telegram.

Reaching the piazza he perceived that the side-wheel steamer which made daily trips between the island and Port Barry on the mainland, ten miles to the westward, had already started for that harbor. In the cove on the leeward side of the island, near the Life Saving Station, were three small sailboats, and Lansing's fifty-ton sloop yacht *Cygnus*, which, with two anchors down, was already making bad weather of it, and evidently drifting a little, even in that comparatively sheltered spot.

Thornton did not overtake Constance until she had reached the high bluff on which stood the light-house, where she paused to watch the sea breaking over the Black Boy Reef, a jagged line of rock a third of a mile to the windward. He gained her side without being heard above the

noises of the wind and water, but she seemed not surprised when she turned and saw him.

"Has the storm an attraction for you too?" she asked.

Yes, he said; but it was not that which had brought him here now. He had something to say to her.

"Then you may talk to me while I'm sketching the reef yonder, where the sea is breaking so savagely," she said. "Isn't it fine? Nothing subdues my vanity quite so completely as watching a storm at sea."

While saying this she had seated herself where the force of the wind was partly broken by the sounding-board of the big fog-bell, and began to sketch with deft and rapid strokes. Thornton watched her for several minutes in silence, not knowing how to begin, though he had for weeks been looking forward to this moment, and had even carefully thought out what he should say.

"Well?" she asked at length, looking up from her work with a smile. "Have you forgotten that you are going to talk to me? And this is your last chance, for my mother and I go back to New York to-morrow, and there we are not likely to meet you often. I'm sorry the summer is over. It has been unusually pleasant here this year."

There was never at any time a particle of self-consciousness about her—that was one of her greatest charms. Yet the fact that she did not now divine his thoughts, which he had come to feel were known to every one on the island, served rather to increase than relieve his hesitation. Had he detected the least sign that she understood why he had spent all the available hours of the past summer with her, and especially why he had now followed her to this windswept spot, it would have helped him a little to begin. But though her absolute unconsciousness was disconcerting he refused to let it discourage him; and he had just succeeded in arranging his thoughts for expression when the opportunity passed.

"Mornin', mornin'," said a high-pitched, rusty voice behind them, and turning they saw old Captain Hiram Dart, head-keeper of the Beacon Island light. In his more active years he had been skipper of the whaling brig *Alice & Susan*, out of Nantucket; and though now nearly seventy was still known as the most skilful and daring boat-steerer anywhere on this coast. In his hand was a battered ship's telescope, which he steadied against the heavy framing of the fog-bell while slowly adjusting the focus.

"Quite a breeze of wind, ain't it," he continued conversationally, punctuating each pause with a twist of the eye-piece. "I was wonderin' some—what's that craft that's—jest put off from the island in—in sech a hurry. My old eyes are gettin' so now I can't—Ah! now we're gettin' it—I gorry! it's the *Cygnus*!"

Constance rose quickly to her feet. "Mr. Lansing's yacht! Are you sure?"

"Certain sure, ma'am. Look for yourself." He offered her the telescope.

Constance shook her head. "He told me this morning he would go with us to-morrow," she said, addressing Thornton.

"P'rhaps he hain't gone himself, ma'am," said Dart. "At any rate I don't see him on her deck now. He's prob'ly jes' sendin' her over to Port Barry. An' that's good seamanship, too. There's no safe anchorage in this cove for a craft of her size in a no'theaster, an' we'll be seein' a livin' gale by this hour to-night.—Well, I bid ye good-day."

"I must go back to the hotel at once," Constance told Thornton, as she hurriedly gathered up her pencils and sketch-book. For a little way they walked together in silence; and then Thornton, seeing the end of all opportunity approaching, forced himself to say what he had so long been trying to utter. He did it abruptly, crudely, but at least it had the merit of simplicity.

"Constance, will you marry me?"

She stopped instantly, looking at him as if she were frightened. "Oh!" she cried, "you cannot mean it! I will not let you say it!"

"It is said now."

"I'm so sorry! so very sorry!" she said, impulsively putting out her hand to him. "Why did you tell me this? We have been such good friends! . . . No; stop!" she cried, as she saw he was about to speak. "I must tell you—it is quite impossible—I must not leave you thinking anything else. . . . I expect to be married to Henry Lansing in October."

She faced him squarely as she said this, as if expecting to meet his anger.

"Lansing!" he said. "That man!"

There was an involuntary note of scorn in his voice which he would have given much to recall when he saw the haggard look it brought into her face. She turned again and walked rapidly towards the hotel, as

if wishing to end the scene as quickly as possible, and for some time both were silent.

"It was my father's wish," she said presently, as if defending herself. "Mr. Lansing was his friend, his partner, and he has been very good to us since my father died." And then, her voice trembling perceptibly: "I'm so very sorry, Ernest." She had never called him by his given name before and it thrilled him. "Our friendship this summer has been very pleasant to me, but I never once suspected that—that this might happen. What can I do to make amends?"

"Do nothing. Why should you wish to? We shall—I shall—forget it all in a week. That's what usually happens, I believe. . . . Here we are at the hotel. We meet at dinner this evening as usual, I hope?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I must see you again before we leave."

"Whenever you please," he said; and so they parted.

Constance hurried to her room, where she found her mother, seated in a chair by the window and wrapped in a heavy shawl. She turned as Constance entered and instantly read on her face the signs of great trouble.

"What is it, dearie?" she said, putting out her hand. "Tell me."

It was the look, or the gesture, or the tone in which these simple words were spoken that broke down the remnant of the girl's self-control; and throwing herself on her knees she buried her face in her mother's lap, just as she had often done when a child, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

"Mother, mother, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"There, there, dearie, don't cry," said Mrs. Seyton, tenderly smoothing the girl's damp, wind-tossed hair with her thin hand. "Tell me what it is, pet? Tell mother what it is."

At length, slowly and with many pauses, Constance told what Thornton had said to her.

"But that is not serious, child," said Mrs. Seyton. "You have done no wrong, and he will get over his disappointment. You certainly cannot marry him, for you do not love him, and besides—"

"Ah! why can you not see what I mean?" cried the girl passionately. "I *do* love him!"

Mrs. Seyton rose quickly, forcing her daughter to rise with her. "Constance!" she said, and there was a note of anger in her voice.

"What do you mean? Have you forgotten that you are to marry—?"

"If I only could forget it! I cannot marry him! I cannot—I cannot! I *will* not!"

"But it was your father's wish, and you have promised."

"Father would never have asked me to marry a man I do not love. Never."

"But you promised father before he died—"

"Oh, I don't know what to do," cried the girl despairingly. "I hoped you would help me, mother. It was a mistake—a foolish girl's mistake. I thought I loved him once, but I did not—I was only flattered. I did not know what love was—then."

"You seem to have learned it very quickly. Have you spoken to Henry of this?"

"No!—How can I? He has left the island on the *Cygnus*. Oh, why did I not learn what love is before it was too late!"

She laid her burning face upon her mother's breast and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. The mother kissed her and whispered softly:

"There, there, dearie, don't cry. Wait until to-morrow, sweet. We'll see what can be done to-morrow."

II

All afternoon the wind rose steadily, and by sunset it had become a hard gale, and still was increasing. The steamer, due from Port Barry at three o'clock, did not arrive until after seven, and then in a damaged condition. Indeed, it was rumored about the hotel that had not the captain been paid a large sum of money by one of his passengers to land him on the island he would have turned back. But who this passenger was, and why he was so eager to reach the island, no one seemed to know.

It was also reported, as coming from Captain Dart, that never, on his honor, had he seen the sea break more furiously over Black Boy Reef than it did that evening; a statement which gave intense satisfaction to the summer visitors, who repeated it to one another with little shivers of gloomy pleasure. Since there was to be a storm they naturally wished it to be one they could talk about next winter.

At dusk Thornton was slowly pacing the piazza, watching the falling of the sullen night. He had not seen Constance since they parted that morning, nor Lansing; but at the hotel office they told him

that Lansing had left word he would return to-morrow, or as soon as the storm was over. Thornton's walk was interrupted by a young man, who approached him with swift, active steps, saying in a strong, melodious voice:—

"It's a bit of good luck, lad, to meet you here."

Thornton turned. "John Raymond! is it really you?"

"Well, it's so dark I'm not quite sure," said Raymond laughing.

Thornton grasped both his friend's hands. "You're the man," he said. "But what brings you here in a howling storm, and at the very end of the season, too? Pleasure, I suppose?"

"No, I've come on an errand of very grave importance."

"It is pleasure then. I can imagine no more serious matter to an American citizen than the enjoyment of a little innocent recreation. That's why you've come in a howling storm—idea being, of course, to make yourself so extremely uncomfortable you'll never try it again."

"You're quite wrong, Ernest, as usual. I'm here on business of a most disagreeable nature. But now I've discovered you I shall certainly combine pleasure with it. Where shall we meet in an hour or two? I must be off about this business now."

"No; I'm not going to let go of you in this wind. You'll be blown from the island and lost at sea."

"I'll have to face the risk," said Raymond laughing. "I've brought a man with me who's looking up some of our matters now, and I must get his report. If you happen to know of an open fire-place somewhere, just file a claim to it at once. We'll keep wassail together this night."

When they met again it was an hour before midnight, and they were seated facing a drift-wood fire, sole occupants of one of the small rooms adjoining the office. Although the hotel was partly protected from the storm by the bluff it was being shaken to its foundations by the fierce rushes of the wind, which penetrated every crack and crevice; so that long before the usual hour the summer visitors had been forced to go to bed to keep warm. Thus there was not another person stirring on that floor save the night-watchman, who, lantern in hand, was making his silent, ceaseless rounds.

Between the two friends was a small table, on which stood a decanter, a siphon of soda-water, and a box of cigars. For a minute or two after they had mixed their whiskey and soda and lighted their cigars both men were silent, watching the blue flames of the burning drift-wood

and listening to the roaring of the wind and surf. Raymond was the first to speak, uttering his words with an occasional slight drawl that was natural to him.

"I'm going to tell you, Ernest, what brings me to Beacon Island at this unpropitious time," he said.

"If it's a professional secret I'd rather not hear it."

"It will be a newspaper story and public property by to-morrow, or the day after. Besides, I want your advice now. . . . Listen!"

He lowered his voice a little and glanced around the room as if he half suspected some one might overhear him.

"I'm here with a detective to arrest an embezzler. Do you happen to know Henry Lansing?"

"Good God! Lansing?"

"You *do* know him! Ye-es, he's the man. Oh, dear me, yes, he is cer—tainly—the—man. I'll trouble you for a match."

"I cannot believe this! What has he done? You don't know how you've startled me, John."

"Sorry—very sorry. Didn't mean to do that, you know, really.—But guilty?—Give you my word, Ernest, it's the prettiest case I ever saw, though the crime is only that old squalid tale of trust betrayed for selfish ends. . . . Just hear the wind! Must be very nasty out on the water to-night, eh?"

"Go on!" said Thornton impatiently.

"So glad you're interested. Well, the tale runs like this: Good many years ago a certain benevolent man took a young lad out of the gutter—"

"Literally the gutter?"

"Amounts to that—some eleemosynary institution—name of said benevolent man being Archibald Seyton, and of said lad, Henry Lansing. The boy from the start showed remarkable business ability—he is, you know, he really *is* extremely clever—and he advanced rapidly through all the grades, from errand boy to confidential clerk, finally reaching the top of the tree, when Mr. Seyton's health became feeble, as manager of his employer's immense business, the Vulcan Iron Works, to wit.

"There he remained in absolute control for several years, and justified his selection by the way he handled the concern. And when Mr. Seyton died three years ago he bequeathed Lansing a one-quarter inter-

est in the business, and also appointed him sole executor of his very large estate. . . . Just hear *that!*" said Raymond, as a blast of unusual violence shook the building, and a door in one of the corridors was blown shut with the noise of a distant cannon. "The wind is certainly increasing. Am I boring you?"

"No. Go on. I'm intensely interested."

"Interested, eh? You flatter me. If I only had you on a jury now—"

"Go on," Thornton commanded.

Raymond shrugged. "Oh, it's a very commonplace sort of story, I assure you; happens every day, somewhere. Well! this man Lansing was not satisfied with being part owner of the Vulcan Iron Works, as well as executor of the Seyton estate. He determined to possess all these himself, absolutely; and within a month of Mr. Seyton's death he began a course of systematic peculations—and speculations, too—which must result not only in the hopeless ruin of a great commercial enterprise, but also, I very much fear, in wiping out the entire estate."

"Does not Lansing's bond protect the estate?"

"Ah, there's just where it is, you see. Mr. Seyton had such implicit confidence in Lansing's ability and integrity—mark that word, integrity—that he actually exempted him from giving a bond. *Well!* You never know what fool thing a wise man can do till he's done it, do you?"

Raymond turned to the fire and stirred it a little; then watched it blaze up, blue and ghastly. "How very da—amp these cigars are," he drawled. "Can't keep mine alight. Trouble you for another match. Tha—anks."

"Do you mean to say," asked Thornton, "that Mrs. Seyton and her daughter will be left penniless by Lansing's crime?"

"So you know the Seytons too! Charming people, everyone says. You must present me to-morrow, though I do bring a letter of introduction. I have some business matters to lay before them. What was it you—? ah, the estate! Yes, there's no doubt the estate has now practically disappeared, but I have most excellent reasons for believing that Lansing has squandered or lost in speculation only a part of it—perhaps not more than half—and has literally got the balance in his pocket this minute. So you see, if I can only get hold of him I shall certainly be able to recover a very large sum."

"Don't believe it," said Thornton brusquely. "Fool thing to do—carry all that money about with him."

"Oh, not from his point of view. And I feel sure I'm right about this. You see, he has undoubtedly known for some time that he was skating on pretty thin ice, though like every man in his position he never stopped hoping the weather—that is, the stock market—would change, and he'd get ashore all right. And in case it didn't—"

"Well?"

"—he had everything ready to cut away to some safe country—Canada most likely—where with his half million or more ready money he could astonish the natives and drink himself to death very gloriously."

"But he can be extradited from Canada."

"I'm not so sure. There *is* a treaty, but that seems to be for cheap criminals only. Let a man go over there with a barrel or two and he can fight extradition for years. I know a case something like this that's been in the Canadian courts three years, and seems likely to stay there until the money is gone, or the principals die of delirium tremens."

"How did you discover all this about Lansing?"

"Partly by accident—as such things are often discovered. It would take too long to tell you the details, but about two months ago I was at work on an entirely different case when I stumbled—yes, that's the word—stumbled on a transaction of Lansing's that looked queer. My client was George H. Wilson—he's Mrs. Seyton's brother, you know—and I told him what I'd found."

"We decided to make a quiet little investigation at once, Lansing being out of town just then; and in spite of the fact that he had covered up his work with extraordinary skill—he is, he really is an amazingly clever fellow—once we had discovered his methods the rest was only a matter of time and patience."

"I put in six weeks this summer at that—quite the hardest work I ever did in my life—but the very instant we had proof enough to act upon we swore out a warrant, secured the necessary state extradition papers, and here I am, with a full grown detective to back me up, and—well, *that's* about all. The rest of the story hasn't happened yet. . . . Jove! how it blows! I'm most con-foundedly glad I'm not out on the water to-night."

While Raymond was speaking Thornton had risen from his chair and was now pacing restlessly about the room.

"Of course you know you've missed him?" he said presently.

"Yes—oh, yes. Yes, I've missed him. O'Neil, my detective, tells me he received a telegram this morning in cipher—a warning from some confederate, of course. Wish I knew how my plans got out. He probably reached Port Barry in his yacht early this afternoon, and if he didn't start for Quebec by the limited express—! But there's no 'if' about it. It's what he did. He's too infernally clever not to do it, and I've no doubt he's safe across the border by this time. If he were only a little bit more honest, now, he might be a great man. Still we can't expect to find all the virtues combined in one person. I hesitate to make that claim for any one, except myself and—possibly—yourself."

Thornton swung on his heel to face Raymond, his tall figure overtopping the lawyer almost threateningly. "Do you mean to say you have not tried to stop him by telegraph?" he asked sternly.

"My de—ar boy, pray do sit down. You are quite overwhelming in that attitude. So immensely tall and big, you know. Like the Colossus of Rhodes, or—or the Pillars of Hercules, or one of those other fabulous creations we used to pretend to read about in college. . . . Thanks, that's much better. And now another match. These cigars are most unpleasantly da—amp—it's the salt water, I fancy, eh?"

Raymond carefully, even deliberately, lighted his cigar, apparently not observing Thornton's angry impatience.

"And now," he said, "what was it you were—ah, yes, to be sure! Telegraph the authorities! My dear boy, I know I've made a mess of this case so far, but I really must say in my own defense that I did think of doing the very thing you so very shrewdly suggest, but unfortunately—"

"Think of it! Why haven't you done it?"

"—but unfortunately, the cable between here and the mainland gave out some time this forenoon, and so here we are, quite helpless. And—wait now! let me ask you this first—*isn't* it a simply monstrous coincidence that this cable was undoubtedly broken by being fouled in the anchor of Lansing's yacht when they were getting under way for Port Barry? Talk about luck!—well, I wish I could have such luck as that!"

"Do you suppose he knows this?"

"Knows what?"

"That the cable is broken?"

"Couldn't say. But wait!—perhaps he doesn't. He was in such a hurry to get away that when the anchor fouled he cut it adrift, along with ten fathoms of good chain. So O'Neil tells me."

Thornton struck the table with his hand. "Then we must follow him ourselves. Do you hear?—At once. Every minute now is worth an hour to-morrow."

"I know it, dear boy. Pray do me the justice to believe I know even that," answered Raymond imperturbably. "No, no, I'm not quite so—so—as not to know that, really I'm not. But that also is impossible. For when I found that Lansing had given me the slip I offered the captain of the steamer five hundred dollars—"

"I'll make it five thousand!"

"I made it five thousand on the spot. But he swore—I use the word in its popular sense; I wish I could repeat some of his extremely picturesque phrases—well, he swore there wasn't money enough in the world to tempt him away from the dock to-night. And judging by the noise the wind is making just at this moment I think he was exactly right. . . .

"The mess I've made of this job is going to be rather a bad thing for me professionally, but it won't help matters any to rail at fate and so forth, and it certainly will interrupt the innocent hilarity of the present occasion, so let's be merry while we may. . . . Look here! You're not drinking fair! One glass to my two! I don't call that honest, as between man and man."

Thornton made no reply to his friend's jesting words, which in his present mood grated on him; and for some moments he gazed thoughtfully at the drift-wood fire, now burning very low. Raymond observed him keenly, and then rising, stood with his arm resting on the mantel, thus bringing them face to face.

"There, Ernest, you've heard my story. A frank and free confession, showing how I let slip a golden opportunity, which as some poet or other (I don't remember his name, but perhaps you do) says, 'comes never but once to your door.' It's your turn now. I don't ask for publication but merely as an evidence of good faith. What have you been doing this summer?"

"Exactly what I've been doing all my life."

"H'm! not definite enough. Do you mean—?"

"I mean I've been doing nothing at all. Or more precisely still, I have failed in the only thing I've ever seriously attempted."

"Nonsense! I know better. In the bright lexicon of youth you must ever remember what there isn't. I refer to the word 'failure,' of course. You're a little morbid to-night, owing to the low barometer. Well, whiskey and soda is good for that. I'm morbid myself. Please pass the jug. Your principal duty at present seems to be acting as a bottle-stopper. Must I drink alone? . . . Here's 'how,' then. What's the hour? Past one o'clock, as I'm a lawyer and a sinner. Well, if you won't talk it's time for me to say by-by. How about you?"

"I think I'll smoke another cigar before I go up."

"Wish I could, but they tell me tobacco is beginning to affect my heart. Sign of old age, perhaps. Or a bad conscience. The latter, I hope, because that's not fatal. Shall we breakfast together?"

"Oh, of course. About nine?"

"Nine it is. And meantime we'll both think over this matter, and perhaps between us we shall hit on some way of reaching Lansing. But I have my doubts. So long, till then."

III

For some time after Raymond had gone Thornton sat before the dead embers of the fire, thinking over what he had just heard, and considering what influence it would have upon his own life. But he could reach no conclusion; the revelation had come so suddenly that it bewildered him; the air in the room seemed to grow close and stifling, and he stepped out upon the piazza. As he stood there, looking blindly off over the waste of invisible stormy water, his eye caught the gleam of the great revolving light at the eastern end of the island, and he felt impelled to go to it.

Once out of the lee of the building he perceived the full force of the wind, and had to struggle hard to make way against it. But the physical effort did him good, and by the time he reached the bluff his mind was clear and his nerves steady; while all the sentimental vapors which had so lately disturbed him now seemed to be utterly blown away.

How long he stood there, clinging to a stanchion of the fog-bell, with the wind and the salt spray beating in his face, he did not know; but he was roused by seeing, away to the windward, a little point of

light, which seemed to spring out of the water and dart in a flat curve along the horizon. Another and another followed in quick succession; and then—only black darkness and the roaring of the storm.

Thornton moved away, thinking to tell the light-house men what he had seen, but he had gone only a few steps when some one ran roughly against him. It was Captain Dart.

"See them rockets?" Dart shouted, as soon as they had established each other's identity. They had to stand with elbows touching in order to be heard above the storm.

"Yes; what do you make of them, captain?"

"Vessel in distress. Too far off to make out anything more. Look! there goes another! Disabled and helpless." He seized Thornton's arm in a crushing grip. "Man, if that's so they're in an awful lonesome place out yonder. Certain sure to go ashore somewhere along this coast unless the wind changes."

"Do you mean ashore here—on this island?"

"No; they're most too far to the west'ard for that with this wind, I should say. Up to'ards Port Barry they'd strike. Let's hope they won't, though. That's all we can do now—hope—so there's no use worryin'. Better come back to the house with me, Mr. Thornton, and I'll give you a dry coat."

For a long time Dart and Thornton sat talking together in the lower room of the light-house tower. Or rather, Dart talked and Thornton listened. In fine weather the captain was much given to thoughts of a future life, and read many books, all of a religious nature, turning the pages with a moistened thumb; a practice which caused the lower right-hand corner eventually to become very grimy. At these times, too, although his speech was mild and slow his temper was irritable.

But as soon as the glass began to fall, with the wind coming hard from the northeast, he would lay aside this frame of mind much as he laid aside his good clothes and best hat after his shore leave was up; and putting on his oil-skins and sou'wester he would become as if he were once again skipper of the Nantucket whaler *Alice & Susan*, with an interesting vocabulary of sailor oaths quite at his service, and all his faculties under perfect control.

The only light in the room came from a hand lantern placed on the floor between the two men; but by this they could see each other's

faces, and the great cans of galvanized iron holding oil for the lamps. The roar of the storm without was subdued to a gentle murmur by the massive walls of the tower, so that they heard distinctly the buzz and click of the machinery overhead that turned the great lenses; and now and then the muffled voices of the two assistant keepers came to them down the spiral iron staircase. Both men were on duty aloft to-night, for one of them was partially disabled by a recently broken arm that was not yet quite strong enough for service in this work.

Dart would not talk about the disabled vessel, saying he never allowed himself to think of matters he could not end or mend, for then they worried him, and that was unhealthy. So he proceeded to relate some of his whaling adventures, punctuating each tale with countless "says he's" and "says I's," and giving that garrulous attention to trivial details which one often observes in old ship captains, who reckon time by the month rather than by the hour. He broke off in the middle of a word and tipped his head to one side, listening.

"The wind has changed to the no'th'ard," he said, with a little sigh of relief. "That means the storm has broke, though it'll be hours an' hours before the sea goes down. But the worst is over, and I'm duly thankful. Will you tell me the time, sir? I can't read my watch without my glasses."

Thornton answered that it was half-past four.

"Daylight will not be so very long then. Well, I'll be glad. Perhaps we'll get sight of that vessel then—if she hasn't foundered. Ah—h!" he added, sighing heavily. "It's be'n a weary night, but I'm thankful nothin' has gone wrong with the light so far. If you don't mind I'll jest take forty winks settin' here in my chair. I don't seem to stand these all-night strains like I used to."

Without removing his oil-skins or sou'wester Dart almost instantly fell asleep; and presently Thornton also dozed. How long he slept he did not know, but both men were awakened by the clatter of heavy boots on the iron staircase and the voice of one of the assistant keepers, calling that a vessel was coming ashore.

Instantly Dart and Thornton were in the open air, running for the summit of the bluff, followed by the third man, carrying the hand lantern and a binocular night-glass. It was still dark, but a faint spot of light on the southeast horizon foretold the coming day. The force of the wind had perceptibly diminished, but the sea was as wild as ever.

For what seemed to Thornton many unnecessary minutes Dart stood looking seaward through the glass.

"I see her!" he cried at last, as the powerful rays from the great revolving lantern swept slowly around, and for an instant touched upon a black spot out in the heart of a wild whirl of white spume. Then the light swung relentlessly onward and the spot vanished. "She ain't very fur off now and driftin' down on us fast. Quick, Jack, git a Coston! We'll tell 'em we see 'em."

When the red flame of a Coston torch flared in the wind it was promptly answered by a rocket from the vessel, which they could now see was less than a mile away.

"You, Jack!" cried Dart, in sharp, authoritative tones. "Away with you to the boat-house an' fire the gun! We must call all hands. Jump now! That schooner 'll be on the reef before we're ready. Pity she couldn't strike the beach where we could reach her easier." He turned and saw his other assistant coming from the light-house. "You, Ed'ard, after him and overhaul the surf-boat an' see all's clear."

"But who'll look after the light, sir?"

"It'll look after itself. Away with you!" Still the man hesitated. "Damnation! Did I forget to say 'please'?" stormed Dart.

At this the man turned and disappeared into the darkness, which was now beginning to show gray with the coming dawn; and soon the loud report of a cannon sounded high above all the other noises, followed quickly by two more discharges.

In a surprisingly short time the bluff was crowded with men, who had hurried half-dressed from the hotel. They questioned one another eagerly, but none could tell what had happened until they heard Dart cry:—

"She's struck!"

And as the great beam of light swung slowly around some of the men on the bluff caught a momentary glimpse of the wreck lodged on the Black Boy Reef.

Dart faced the crowd, holding the lantern so that it shone on his rugged, weather-beaten face. "Men," he said solemnly, "there's a big schooner out on the reef there, and may the Lord help us to do our duty now. Amen. Surf-boat crew this way!"

As he roared out this command he started on a run for the Life Saving Station, but had not gone far when he met Edward returning.

The surf-boat was ready, Edward said, but he could not find any of the regular crew.

Dart raged profanely. "Can't find 'em! Hidin', are they! Where's Tom Bushnell, and Wash Hill, and Andy Coffin? Are they afraid to go out, with *me* steerin'?"

"But they ain't none of 'em on the island now, Cap'n Dart, sir."

"Don't you dare lie to me!" said Dart savagely. "Ain't it their business to *be* on the island? Didn't I see 'em here yesterday mornin'?"

"Yes, sir, that's so, sir. But you know this is a winter station, and they don't have to report here for reg'lar duty till the first of September—that's to-morrow—"

"And they won't go to work till then, eh? Won't save lives only accordin' to the almanac! Brave boys, they are! Pity that skipper out there didn't know it—he'd 've postponed bein' wrecked till the first of the month, so's to accommodate 'em."

"No, sir, nor that ain't it," answered the man patiently. "All the life-crew shipped yesterday mornin' on the *Cygnus* to help sail her over to Port Barry. Her skipper was afraid to take her out in this blow without some extra hands, so when the owner offered 'em ten dollars apiece to make the trip they went. They're poor men and that was big pay for one day's work."

"Ah!" said Dart, as if relieved that this was the reason, though it did not help the situation any.

"Jack and I, and you, sir," continued the man, "are the only men on the island now that 've ever been out in a surf-boat, and Jack's no good for to handle a sweep now—his broken arm ain't strong yet. It's a long job for six good men in this sea-way, no matter who's steerin'—you know that yourself, sir."

Dart swore roundly, but could not deny that this was true.

"But surely, captain," said Thornton, "we can get volunteers enough to make up a crew. I'll go, for one."

He had no more than spoken the words when a dozen other men stepped forward and said they too would go. But all were city-bred, and though abundantly courageous were physically unfit for this exhausting labor. Dart knew this, and his eyes glistened and his lips twitched with emotion as he faced them.

"You *are* men," he said. "Yes! ev'ry one of you's a man. But it's murder to ask you. I know the sea, and it's murder to ask you."

Be still, you, till I've done!" he commanded sternly, as he heard Thornton's angry growl of contradiction. "Look at the reef! Look at the sea! How many of you could pull an oar with all your strength out there—yes, and sometimes pull it with *more* than all your strength!—and keep it up for an hour?"

Not one man answered, for each knew the task was beyond him; while some knew that they would very soon be helplessly prostrated by seasickness in the dizzy swing of those terrible surges. But Dart had more to say.

"Yet that's what you'd have to do, and not for one hour only, but many. *Have* to do it, ev'ry man of you in the boat, never missin' a stroke, and all together, *hard*—or we'd drown. . . . Oh, I'm not sayin' this because I'm afraid. They call me the best boat-steerer along this coast, and a man don't get that name among men unless he's earned it. But I won't see two crews drowned."

He turned away and once more examined the wreck through his glass.

"We'll try and shoot a line to her," he said at length. "It's a full six hundred yards, an' dead against the wind, but it's all we can do. For'ard there! Ed'ard, take some of these men an' get up the gun! Jump now! . . . It ain't blowin' like it was and we may do it. *If* we do, the rest is easy."

Twenty panting men drew the Lyle gun to the top of the bluff, where Dart loaded it and carefully adjusted the Number 4 shot-line so that it would run out freely. Then, after sighting the gun with a deliberation that was actually painful to many of the hysterical spectators, he pulled the lanyard. Even in that dull light the missile could now and then be seen in its flight, and at first it seemed as if it would reach the wreck. But the power of the wind was too great, and it fell two hundred feet short of its mark.

Again, and again, and yet again the gun was fired, the charge of powder being increased each time, until the limit was reached and the line parted under the strain. But always with the same result.

The sun had risen now, though it was not visible through the clouds, and the wreck was clearly seen to be a large two-masted coasting schooner. Her jib-boom, mainmast and foretopmast were gone, and nothing but the foremast and stump of the bowsprit were standing. Seven men were clinging to the weather foremast shrouds, the only place

where the water was not making a clean breach. It was plain that if relief were not sent promptly it need not be sent at all.

"Can't we do anything for these poor fellows, captain?" asked one of the millionaire summer visitors, his face drawn and pale, and his voice trembling with agitation. "I'll give five hundred dollars for every man saved from the wreck."

"I'll give a thousand," said another man.

Dart turned on them fiercely. "Money!" he cried. "D'ye think I've been holdin' back till ye offered me money?" Then he softened a little. "But like enough the only way you can express your feelin's is in dollars and cents. But money won't buy what we're wantin' now, and that's six good men to handle the surf-boat. If only we could 've shot a line to 'em the rest would be easy, but we can do nothin' now only wait. The wind's workin' round into the nor'west, and mebbe in a couple of hours we can reach 'em in the boat with a green crew. No use tryin' it now, though; worse than no use, because we'd certain sure fail."

"Steamer to the east'ard, sir!" called one of the assistant keepers. Dart looked long and steadily through the glass.

"The boy's right!—hull down she is. I might say she's the revenue cutter *Sagamore*, but it's only guessin', for all I can go by is the knowledge she's due along here about now. . . . By George! if it on'y was her and we could get her over here, p'rhaps we'd save them men yet! Hey, Ed'ard! fetch the signal flags and hoist H-B to the masthead. . . . Yes, sir, yes, sir," he said, answering a question from some one in the crowd; "H-B means 'We want immediate assistance.' Not much of a chance, but we'll try it."

While the man was bending the signal flags to the halyards Thornton led Dart a little to one side.

"How much longer do you give them out there?" he asked.

"There's no sayin'. The tide is just turnin' ebb now, and she'd ought to break in two soon. Mebbe an hour—mebbe less. Not more, though."

"And there's no chance of that steamer getting here in time?"

"None to count on. I run up that signal partly to give these people somethin' to think about. They were gettin' panicky. But no—there's no chance. Why?"

"Well, if you'll get the rigging ready I'll try to take a line out to them in my own way."

Dart looked at him in angry amazement. "Let you go drown yourself! I'll see you damned first!"

"Do it more quietly then," said Thornton sternly. "I do not wish these people to know my plans. Come with me where we can be alone."

As Dart closed the light-house door, shutting out the few curious ones who had followed them, he began to say stormily that if Thornton thought he could reach the wreck by swimming he was a fool. It couldn't be done. In an hour or so perhaps they might get out there in the boat with a volunteer crew. He'd try it then, anyhow. But he'd let no man commit suicide, even if he was a fool.

"Drop that talk, captain. In an hour the wreck will break up. You've just said so. I've no desire to commit suicide, and if there was another way to reach those men I'd not propose this one. Answer me on your honor: *Is there another way?*"

"There's no way at all," said Dart doggedly. "Not your way or any way—for an hour."

"We'll try my way then.—Oh, keep your protests till later," he commanded, as Dart essayed to speak. "I wish to explain my plan to you now, for without a perfect understanding between us I cannot succeed. . . . Minutes are precious. Shall I go on?"

"I'll hear you."

Rapidly but clearly Thornton explained how he expected to reach the wreck, and the facts and theories upon which he based his hope. He knew that without Dart's perfect coöperation he could not succeed; indeed, after he had started as much would depend on Dart's skill and judgment as on his own. Therefore, while he wasted no time he omitted no details that related in any way to the venture. They amounted to this:—

During the summer, while sailing and swimming about the island, he had accidentally discovered that, given certain conditions of wind and tide (which were practically fulfilled at this moment), there was a strong under-surface current—or call it undertow—setting around the eastern point of the island where the light-house stood. By getting into this current at exactly the right spot he would almost certainly be carried out to the reef. Like this:—

He made a pencil sketch on the back of an old envelope, showing

the island to be crescent-shaped, the concave side towards the north, and the reef within the chord of the arc.



"There," he said; "my theory is this: it's an example of the parallelogram of forces. One force is the wind and sea, moving in one direction; an obliquely resistant force is the ebb tide, moving in another; the resultant is this current, which is further modified by the island and the reef itself, exactly how I don't know, except that it will carry one straight to the wreck."

Dart examined the sketch eagerly. "This current is new to me, though I've lived here twenty odd years. Are you sure about it?" His quick sailor's mind had instantly perceived the significance of Thornton's words, but—was he right? Was there such a current?

"Sure enough to risk my life on it. In fact, I have risked my life on it—that's how I discovered it. I was swimming off the light-house here one morning when that current nearly got the best of me. If it hadn't carried me to the reef where I was able to make a landing I should have been swept out to sea. After that I studied it a little, and I believe I understand it now. . . . Well?"

"Oh, I see your theory all right. I wouldn't be a navigator if I didn't, but—"

"Well?"

"It won't do. For a minute I thought it would, but it won't. I'll not let you go."

"Come, sir! you've talked too much already. I do not ask your

permission but your assistance. Oblige me by going to work. Send one of your men to the boat-house for a cork-jacket. Have them get all the rigging ready. I wish you to stand on the bluff with the shore end of the line and signal me my course. Out there I shall be unable to see anything. I start in three minutes."

He began to remove his clothes as if he considered the question settled, but Dart did not stir. "Do you hear me, captain? With your help I may do this work; without it I certainly cannot. But I'm going, with or without. Will you stand by me?"

Dart seized Thornton's hand. "Aye, lad, I'll stand by you. Forever and ever. . . . And whatever you do, keep to lu'ard of the wreck. Aye, aye, that's it, keep to lu'ard of the wreck, and you may do it. Yes, I'll stand by you; by God, yes!"

IV

When the crowd of men and women, assembled on the bluff, saw Thornton, bareheaded and enveloped in a long oil-skin coat, walk rapidly along the narrow beach below them, none guessed what he was about to attempt. Nor did they when a moment later came Dart and his men, bearing coils of ropes and shot-lines. But when Thornton, throwing aside the coat, appeared dressed in a short bathing suit, with a cork-jacket strapped about his breast, many understood but were silent.

"This is the place," said Thornton, pausing at a point where the surf seemed less angry than elsewhere, and Dart nodded his assent. "Quick, then! give me that line, and let me start."

He spoke brusquely, for he knew there was no time to spare. The tide was ebbing and the wreck must soon break up. Moreover, looking out upon that mountainous surf, and thus brought face to face with mortal danger, there came upon him a sudden great fear of death. Of itself this is no sign of weakness; it is only when fear becomes uncontrollable that it is cowardice; and not for one instant did he hesitate to go on with his self-appointed task.

"Tie the line here," he said. "No! not under my arms. I'm hampered enough without that. To this loop in the cork-jacket between my shoulders. . . . So! Your hand again, captain. And you'll not forget what you have to do?"

"Trust me, lad, I'll not forget. And whatever happens you keep to lu'ard of the wreck. God bless you. Amen. All clear."

How Thornton passed through the surf with his life none could say, though all were watching him fiercely. But he did pass it, and presently they saw him, a hundred yards out, his cork-jacket floating him breast high in the water, swinging giddily up and down on the huge green billows, but helped by the ebbing tide and his own strong arms, slowly drawing near the reef.

Then his work became more dangerous than ever, for he was in deadly peril of being dashed against the wreckage and crushed. Three times he almost grasped the rope thrown to him by the frantic crew; and three times he missed it and was swept past them, seaward. But just when it seemed he was beyond the reach of help a monstrous incoming wave threw him back remorselessly against the mass of broken spars and rigging which hung over the side of the vessel. With desperate strength he held himself there until the force of the roller was spent, and then crawled slowly and painfully up the side of the schooner. Those on shore who were watching him with glasses said he was hurt; but he had carried the line to the reef, and now his life and the lives of all the crew were safe.

When this was known such a shout went up from the bluff as actually reached the shipwrecked men, in the face of the gale and above the roar of the waters; and instantly thereafter everyone fell to laughing and shaking hands with everyone else, and a moment later—began to cry. Captain Dart, being very properly ashamed of his own weakness in this particular, sought to conceal it by swearing hoarsely at his men while they rigged the tripod and sand-anchor on the edge of the bluff; and in a marvelously short time the breeches-buoy was ready for its first trip. The slender Number 4 shot-line which Thornton had carried with him to the wreck, and which extended like a tiny spider's web between the bluff and the reef, was made to carry a heavier cord, the Number 7; and this a thin, strong rope, the whip-line; and this in its turn a still heavier one, until a taut Manila hawser stretched between the wreck and the land; and along this the breeches-buoy was sent rushing seaward.

"Merr'ly all together—yo *he-eave!*" shouted Dart to the men on the whip-line. "Walk away, walk away!—again yo—*heo!* Pull, ye seasick swabs! Must *I* do all the work? *And* again—yo *he-eave!* With a will an' we'll save 'em all."

Every man who could get a hand on the line worked as if his own life depended upon his pulling the rope in two; and so, swiftly back and forth the buoy went, until five men were safely landed, and only three were left,—Thornton, the captain of the schooner, and a passenger, who was helpless from fright and seasickness, so the rescued sailors reported. The vessel was the *Gleam* of Port Barry, in ballast, they said, and had been chartered the day before by the passenger, whose name they did not know, to make a run to Halifax for a cargo of lumber. Soon after midnight she had collided with an unknown steamer, and becoming unmanageable had gone ashore on the reef.

Still there were three men left on the wreck; and once more the breeches-buoy was rushed seaward over the hawser.

"Ready again, there!" shouted Dart to the men on the whip-line. He stood at the edge of the bluff, his feet wide apart, his body swaying lightly to right and left, as if he were once more on the rolling deck of the *Alice & Susan*, watching the wreck through his glass for the signal to haul away. At length it came, a flutter of white three times repeated. "Away with ye, now!" he roared; and the buoy began its sixth journey to the bluff.

"There are two men in it this time," Raymond said to Dart, as he examined the approaching buoy through his glass. He handed the instrument to one of the rescued sailors standing near, and asked if he could tell who they were.

"It's dead wrong to put all that strain on the gear," growled Dart. "It's far too long a stretch—jump her along, lads! no sojerin' here—for a double load. See! they're both under water at the sag. Pull, ye lubbers! It's *men* ye're savin' now!"

"It's the cap'n, Cap'n Briggs, sir, carryin' th' passenger in his arms," said the sailor, as he returned the glass to Raymond. Then added, as if to reassure him: "But Cap'n Briggs is a very light man, sir."

"He—*eave* ahead, lads!" shouted Dart, as the buoy drew near the bluff. "Once more! *And* again! Ho—oah! Avast! make fast all."

The two men were quickly lifted out of the sling and placed upon the firm footing of the rock, and with a wave of his hand Dart started the buoy back to the wreck. "For the last time, my lads!" he said, his voice trembling with the excitement and anxiety which he had hitherto controlled. "Away with that line! The best man's out there yet. Don't pull—*run* with it! That's the kind. *Burn* the rope."

The moment the car was well on its way he turned to the rescued captain. "You're a vile, poor thing!" he said in bitter scorn. "A crawlin', cowardly worm! How dare you leave your deck till all hands was off?"

"'Twas his wish, Cap'n Dart," said the shivering man, pointing his thumb toward the wreck to indicate Thornton. "His wish an' command, sir. 'As a favor to me, Cap'n Briggs,' says he, 'let the men *and* th' passenger go first. I have my reasons,' he says. 'No matter what happens to me, save the passenger. His life is worth half a million dollars,' he says. An' he kep' sayin' this over an' over. What could I do, sir? So when it come to th' last turn—'You're light, I'm heavy,' he says to me. 'It ain't safe for th' passenger to go in th' sling alone. He ain't got th' pluck,' he says. 'It's under water part way an' he'll get washed out,' he says. 'Take him in your arms an' go. I insist on my right to be th' last man on board,' he says. That's my explanation, Cap'n Dart."

"Curse your explanation! Weren't you th' skipper?" He turned to the men on the whip-line. "*Pull!* We'll fetch him yet."

While the men were working with frantic haste to run the buoy back to the wreck for its last and most precious load, a wild-eyed, disheveled woman pushed through the crowd and halted in the open space about the tripod, bewildered.

"But they told me he was here!" she cried. "They told me he was safe!"

She turned and saw the prostrate figure of the rescued passenger, his streaming clothes huddled in a soaking heap about him, and a flabby hat-brim pulled down over his face. A man knelt by his side, in the act of raising his head. She seized one of his cold hands and chafed it tremulously.

"Ernest!" she whispered. "Thank God! Speak to me! Look at me! . . . Ah! he's dead!" she cried, starting back, her wet hands to her eyes, as if to shut out the sight.

"No, miss, no, he'll come right again after a little brandy," said the man, raising the limp figure to a sitting posture and supporting the lolling head against his breast, on which was pinned the broad silver shield of a police detective. "Here, drink this!" he said, and pulling off the man's water-soaked hat, held the flask to his lips. A swallow of the liquor revived him a little and he looked up. "Constance!" he said faintly.

At the sound of her name the woman uncovered her eyes. "*You!*" she cried, recoiling. "Then where is *he?*"

A wild cry rose suddenly from the crowd, and as it surged toward the edge of the bluff she was carried helplessly forward.

"Stand clear of th' lines!" roared Dart. "She's goin'!"

And Constance, looking at the wreck, saw a mountain of solid green water come swinging in from the ocean; saw the schooner lifted up from its bed on the reef; saw it crash down again as the wave rushed past it shoreward, and—that was all. For when she dared to look again the wreck was gone.

"He was wuth twenty of us," said Dart tremulously, his sou'-wester in his hand and his long white hair tossing in the wind. "Aye, he was wuth *all* of us, and more. But the Lord he gives and the Lord he takes away, and there's no gainsaying that. . . . Port watch lay aft and git in this hawser."

V

An hour later Dart and his two assistants were in the Life Saving Station, drying and putting in order the apparatus used that morning. But however stolidly the old man went about his work he certainly suffered keenly, for he had forgotten to extinguish the lamps in the light-house lantern (something that had not happened before in all his years of service), while from the head of the signal mast the flags "H-B:—We want immediate assistance," still whipped in the wind.

To keep out the too curious crowd he had locked the doors of the Station, and so gave no heed when some one pounded noisily and clamored to be let in. But when a stone came crashing through the window, covering the floor with broken glass, he angrily threw open the small office door and began vehemently to tell the fellow what he thought of him. Raymond roughly pushed him aside and entered the house.

"Be still!" he said. "Where's the signal code?—Ah, here!"

He picked up the book and hurriedly started out again, but Dart held him fast.

"What d'ye mean by this, ye impudent—"

"There's a steamer signaling—"

The old man reached the bluff ahead of Raymond. There he saw

a trim, black-hulled steamer, schooner-rigged, about half a mile to the northward, rolling easily in the heavy sea, and flying the U. S. Revenue ensign and the International signal code pennant from her main gaff.

"It's the *Sagamore*," he said; "an hour too late. Run up the answerin' pennant, Ed'ard, an' stand by with the flags. She's prob'ly goin' to ask why we called her over here. You, sir," to Raymond, "give me the glass an' you take the book. I'll call off the flags, because I know 'em at sight, an' you look 'em up."

There were a dozen or twenty people on the bluff, and among them Raymond saw Mrs. Seyton and Constance; but before he could speak to them Dart called sharply:—

"Ready with the book there!" A little flutter of color was seen rising from the steamer's deck, and four flags whipped out from the halyards reeved from a stay running between the foremast and mainmast. "Ready!" said Dart again. "'D—R—Q—N.' Quick! What's that?"

Raymond turned hurriedly to the page and read: "D—R—Q—N—'Your sailor—' "

And that was all the message the flags told.

"Curse this code!" said Dart. "I could invent a better one in an hour. Answer with the pennant, Ed'ard. Why can't they tell their story? They've picked up his body, and—Hah! there goes another hoist. Ready:—'C—H—V—R.' What's that?"

This time Raymond was nervously slow in finding the page, and before his eye caught the line he heard a woman's voice close at his side, as if reading over his shoulder, cry out in thrilling tones:—

"'C—H—V—R—!—*Alive!*' . . . Mother, do you hear? He is alive—he is safe!"

"Look, look!" called Dart; and Raymond, turning quickly, was able to catch Constance as she pitched forward in a faint.

VI

From the Port Barry *Herald*.

Extract No. 1

The U. S. Revenue cutter *Sagamore*, Captain Morgan, anchored off the naval station this morning. Captain Morgan confirms the reports of losses, both of life and shipping, along the Sound coasts in the storm of two days ago. It is the worst in thirty years.

The Captain states that the schooner *Gleam* of this city went ashore on the Black Boy Reef off Beacon Island at the height of the storm, and broke up before he arrived there. He thinks it probable that the life-saving crew took off the schooner's men, though the fact that he picked up a sailor, entangled in some floating wreckage and wearing a cork-jacket with the Beacon Island stamp may indicate that some accident happened to their surf-boat. He asked them about this by signal but they did not answer him.

The man was nearly dead when found, but under the skilful treatment of Dr. Allis, the *Sagamore's* surgeon, was revived after two hours' hard work, but is still too weak to tell his name. He has been taken to the City Hospital, where it is said he will recover.

Extract No. 2

THORNTON—SEYTON. At the City Hospital, by the Rev. Daniel Winter, D.D., rector of Grace Church, this city, Ernest Thornton to Constance Seyton, both of New York City. No cards.

The Rainbow Days

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE

“Literature should make a glory out of the grey substance of our days.”

—*Richard Burton*

From the grey substance of the dreary days
 There comes a splendor to our grateful eyes:
A rainbow glory glows within the greys;
 We see the woof is wrought of wondrous dyes.

This fretful life! It seems so hopeless, small,
 Monotonous and meaningless to me!
But soulshine is the center of it all
 The poet sees; and, singing, makes me see.

He glorifies the glory of the real;
 He hymns the harvest while we sow the seed;
A seer and prophet, at his feet we kneel,
 And to the doubt of us he gives a creed.

This wondrous life! Their voices come who cry
 To our grey days to show us what they hold;
And, lo, the earth is but a bit of sky,
 Of colors marvelous and manifold!

A bit of sky that dreams of other skies
 As real and beautiful as this we see.
The meaning of the rainbow in our eyes
 The poets know who sing to you and me.

The Receding Sea

By JEAN MARIE RICHARDS

We were tired of London: London had been hot—hot even for Americans. We had seen the best of the season—the opera, theaters, polo, luncheons and all the rest of it, and we wanted a place to be cool and quiet. It was still too early for Scotland. Even Americans who are not “guns” will not from choice visit Scotland before the middle of August, when the ling heather is abloom. We asked English friends where we should find the vague land of peace we were seeking. Some said go to Devonshire; others go to Wales: again Matlock in Derbyshire would be advised, or Herrogate in Yorkshire. Sometimes we thought we should be driven to the hydropathic establishments of these famous towns, or even to German spas, if our friends did not cease bestowing such diverse and distracting advice.

With only one thing clear in our minds—that we wished to leave London—we fled to Oxford. To be sure Oxford was not cool, but at least it was less noisy and nervous than London. For ten days we watched the college cooks or waiters or valets,—freed from servitude in the Long Vacation—rowing in the 'Varsity shells. We took the boats down the Thames and watched the leisurely farmers gathering hay, the sweetest we had ever smelled: we rowed to Ifley and made our tea as years before an Oxford undergraduate had shown us how; and what time we were not doing these things, or reading the very interesting books of the unknown student whose rooms we rented during his summer absence, we were canoeing on the Cherwell. To our great delight we found a light canoe and two single paddles. English people whom one sees on the Cherwell in midsummer are not perhaps of the sporting English type; and overrun though Oxford is with Americans, they are birds of swift passage, who see Oxford in twenty-four or thirty-six hours, then wing on to Stratford or London, and are as speedily replaced by others of their kind. These Americans naturally do not spend long lazy afternoons in the shade, tea-making and tea-drinking on the winding, green-glinting Cherwell. So, as the English of aquatic sports and the American of leisure were few and far between,

the sight of two women kneeling in a canoe, paddling both on the same side, was often a matter of wonderment, of frank (and generally audible) comment. "American fashion"—"The way the Indians paddle" often assailed our ears, while the owners of the voices stared quite unabashed, as if we were indeed American Indians to whom the British tongue and the Anglo-Saxon stares would be wholly unintelligible.

The little taste of outdoor life at Oxford roused some regrets for the Adirondacks perhaps. At any rate we wanted real country and felt sure we should find it, if only we knew where to look. Tranquil and lovely as the English m'ldlands are, an American used to mountain and forest and lake can scarcely be content with a whole summer in that region.

We determined to go—whither was immaterial. It may be that seeing so many Americans "going" had stirred to assertion our dulled national instinct for motion.

One day our minds hit simultaneously on the thing we wanted: it was the sea. The sight of an advertisement of a charming town containing within its own narrow limits "the bracing air of Yorkshire moors and of the sea"—these magic words determined the direction of our flight northward.

We journeyed through the lauded beauties of Derbyshire:—of course one never sees the best from a train but we felt sure even from that glimpse that Derbyshire was not the heart's true goal. And even while we traversed that depressing manufacturing belt of England where earth and air and sky seem preternaturally leaden and sordid, even then we were buoyed by the thought of York, and beyond—the sea. I had been to York before, but then the cathedral was first in my mind. This time York was merely a place where one changed trains for Whitby.

In my mind none of the details of that trip are clear until about eight o'clock that night when we sat—and to tell the truth, shivered—in a pagoda-like affair perched on the edge of the cliff up above the town, far above the sea; sat there and in the soft dusk of the North looked across at the glorious ruins of Whitby Abbey, more impressive to me than the great York Minster. It rose from its barren, lofty cliff, half-ruined but defiant of time and change. In the faint light of a little moon, it seemed not less visibly shrouded with silver air than with poesie. Like every other traveler who yields to the charm of the sight, I thought of that monk Cædmon, who grieved that he could not

write verse in praise of his Lord and then rejoicing, sang when the divine spirit of poetry entered into him. Through my mind there flitted blindly and purposelessly, like the bats over my head, scraps of college lore, once learned dully and now longed for ardently. But it was enough to sit there in the moonlight, though the wind blew chillingly, and look across to the majestic ruins while the dull roar of the sea beat in our ears.

The morning after—well, the Abbey was as splendid by sunlight as by moonlight, but the town itself, quaint in its old parts, comfortable in the new—if we could judge by our hotel, was not quite what we had imaged to ourselves in our inmost hearts. Once again we prepared for flight; we questioned the obliging hotel people, we asked questions at the railway station, again we consulted Baedeker in the hope of learning something a little more definite and practical about the town containing “the bracing air of Yorkshire moors and of the sea,” but all to no purpose. To a member of a hotel staff the only town worth considering is one which has a good hotel. And, candidly, that is a feeling which the traveler often shares. But this time we were rising superior to mere bodily comforts; of course, we wanted those, but we also wanted something else and just what that was we could never seem to make the station-master and the hotel-clerk grasp. Learning nothing of our destination from others, we pushed on to discover for ourselves its charms and peculiarities. Though less than a score of miles north from Whitby, the trip seemed fairly long, partly because the train did not travel fast and partly because our thoughts did. We were always fancying as we drew in at one tiny station after another, that the end of our journeyings had come. Occasionally we would glance out at the sea when the road ran near the edge of the cliffs, but more often we would sit in utter blackness while the train crept through a tunnel. At last we came to a station so charming that we felt it ought to be our stopping place and probably was not. But the guard opened the door of our carriage and got us and our bundles out. Hastily our eyes swept the horizon, they saw no buildings—nothing but the upward sweep of the moor, blown upon by the breeze until it looked like a gently rolling sea. In all the wide prospect was nothing so lovely as the little platform where we stood. The posts were twined with roses, glorious golden roses, with such green flame-edged foliage as we had never seen before,—roses from the floor to the roof, from which they hung thick

and pendulous like a curtain. From this untold wealth the station-master let me have—one. We looked into the mouth of the gift horse, though afterwards we acknowledged that we should have been content.

After the station-master had bestowed his favor, we walked around the station which presumably shut off our view of the sea. We looked—and saw a lane leading from the station to a long straight road, which in turn led to a line of low roofs lying at right angles to the road by which we must reach the little town of Hinderwell. In the lane were some wagons, a few men, loitering, but no one, eager for a tip, rushed up to the supposititiously rich American tourists. We stood, and stood. Finally as no one came to us, we abandoned our luggage and walked down the lane to engage transport for ourselves and belongings to that town “with the bracing air of the moors and of the sea.” This is the point when the hack novelist would say: hope beat high in our hearts. And though this is not fiction, it really did.

We found a queer little dog-cart, a rough little pony and its owner, who would take us to the town, but was so doubtful about where we should stay when we got there that we committed our luggage, large and small, to the station-master.

When we reached the straggling line of roofs we were still looking for town and sea. Our questions grew insistent and at length we learned from the cautious Yorkshireman that it might be three quarters of a mile or more from the town—this then was the town—to the edge of the plateau. We saw one long street with straggling gray stone houses, red-roofed, substantial: many of the two-story houses were too trim and solid for beauty, but a few cottages, low, rough, with sagging roofs, uncertain fences and bright flower patches gave picturesqueness. While we ate our luncheon we counseled one another.

At length we planned definitely enough to ask our landlady for a horse and trap. We were going to drive to the nearest shore towns, north and south, to find what would meet our spirits' demands. Though the pony had been put to work in the field again, our host obligingly allowed us to rent him for the modest sum of fifty cents an hour.

We drove to the north and after a while saw a cluster of fishermen's boats, many clothes drying on many breeze-blown lines, but no house which looked as though it might shelter us. Undismayed we returned to the south. The next village was quite different and by far the most picturesque spot that I have ever seen. Here the sea sweeps into the

land and forms a little bay. The few tiny houses cling to the shaly sides of the cliff, elsewhere vertical, but here sloping to the sea, and broken by a narrow cañon, as if split by an earthquake. Beside the houses, nets spread over the rocks and held down by oars looked like nothing so much as grasping tentacles thrown out by the wee dwellers in an almost hopeless effort to save themselves from sliding into the sea.

Lovely as the Bay settlement was, it could afford us, we discovered, no more than a cup of tea. We returned sadly through the hamlet of the "bracing air," to the station, the only town in that group which boasted a railway station of its own. We knew no more than when in London where to go, but a little talk with the station factotum revealed to us the name of a "beautiful town full of visitors" situate on the very beach. "Full of visitors" had not an alluring sound, but it was mid-afternoon and before night some place we must find. Bag and baggage we boarded a south-bound train, and in due course, after crawling through those same black tunnels, we arrived at Sandsend, a somewhat bustling and modish town, really on the sea. The only building in town not a lodging house was a hotel. Too tired to look at the long-sought sea, too discouraged to care for anything but a room and solitude, we tramped from hotel to lodgings, from lodgings to station, exhausted but obstinately determined to find what we wanted, upheld by an unreasoning faith that it existed. We felt that we were certainly "warm" and soon to reach our goal.

We do not now remember whether it was the suggestion of the station-master or our own idea to leave our trunks behind us until we knew our stopping place. We boarded the train with the determination to ride up and down, looking, until light failed, if need be. As light was failing fast, we parted company, one to get off at the first stop, the other at the second where it at all promising. When a place was found the discoverer was to telegraph to the various stations and locate her missing partner. This sounds somewhat less uncertain than it was. By this time every station-master twenty miles north of Whitby had seen or heard of us. And all regarded us as insane. Merely to say is "the American young lady" at Sandsend would be sufficient description.

The one thing we had not considered was the possibility of both finding a place at once, and both engaging rooms. Yet that is what happened. Each found the ideal spot, each tentatively engaged lodgings, and each learned of the other's decision by telegraph—telephone has not

yet come to that coast. Each prepared to withdraw from the proposed contract for board and fly to the other; both would have done so had not the caprice of the time table kept one of them in Kettleness until the other arrived.

Then in the gathering gloom we walked over to the stern gray farmhouse set on the rolling moorland, with the sea not six hundred feet away.

Reminiscence

By ROSE E. THALHEIMER

The house stood on the corner of a street in an old American city. It was built of gray stone and had been there many years. It stands there now if you care to find it.

For long years the shades were drawn and the blinds closed, the outer door barred and the low iron gate locked because the master wandered in foreign lands.

One spring day after the robins had come, while the crocuses bowed to the wind, and the green grass carpeted the lawn, the windows and the doors were thrown open so that the sunshine might penetrate every nook and corner of the mansion where generations of a family had lived and died. Men and maids could be seen busily setting the house in order.

The master and his bride were coming home, and the house would be lonely no longer. From that day the gate stood hospitably open and the years went on.

One day a little girl dressed in white sat in the corner window. Her blond hair was parted and the quaint little braids were turned up on each side of her head and tied with light blue ribbons. The child smiled and waved her little hand as a wee girl paused outside by the low iron gate. Day after day the two children smiled and waved their hands until one day, when the child outside noticed the blinds tightly drawn. In vain she watched for the pretty hair tied with the light blue ribbons, and she could not understand. One day as she passed the corner window, she called to the nurse, "See, Marie, see!"

In the window stood a wonderful white azalea in full bloom. Daily the child waved her hand to that white flower in the corner window. But there came no answering signal.

The blinds were up now, and the life of the great house went on as in the days of their happiness; but the master's step was heavy and the bride-mother had become a gentle, sad-faced lady. Together the two went abroad and once more the blinds were drawn.

Years passed.

A débutante, dressed for her first ball, chose from her many flowers a bouquet of priceless orchids. Her eyes filled with tears as she read on the card: "With love to the little maiden who will perhaps give one thought to the memory of the child in the corner window."

The hand had once more waved to her as she gazed at that window.

The Heart of the Wise

By JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN

"Haven't you accumulated sufficient wealth and wasted enough time to be willing to write something worth while?"

Marsden, whose novels had for several years been numbered among "the best sellers," was instantly resentful and looked up with a frown from his luncheon at the club, to find De Peyster looking down upon him with a smile—De Peyster, whose words of encouragement or criticism had been listened to by Marsden ever since the day in the past when they had met one morning at the Players' Club. The charming manner, keen insight, graphic description and reserve force, of the older man, who had just returned from hunting in the Himalayas, whose spoil was State papers, not tigers' skins, had fascinated him. Modest withal, he had said nothing of his forthcoming book, which Marsden had seized and read eagerly, envying the felicity of expression and ability to touch the crucial point with unerring directness of the intricate diplomatic problems of the century.

He, the successful novelist, envied the traveler and diplomat—the world-old desire of the comedian for the part of the tragedian. Marsden's frown changed to a smile of welcome as De Peyster took the chair opposite—"Why, may I ask, am I in your bad books this morning? I know that I cannot write facts and reel off statistics as you do, but according to 'The Literary Condenser,' my new book is to be *epoch* making, with a very large E. Read this and retract."

De Peyster looked at the open magazine and laughed. "I really meant what I said, though, and I am not comparing your work with mine for a moment. You little know with what positive awe I look upon your fiction. I couldn't do anything like it, but now that you have shown up all the evils, moral and financial, from San Francisco to Cape Cod, couldn't you do something a little different, I will not say necessarily better? For instance, French history is full of romance."

"That's not for me," said Marsden, "I am to sail for Cherbourg to-morrow, but it's to make history, not dig among the ashes of a past,

more or less interesting. The boulevards for me, if you please, my mentor. Give me the bourse, the struggles of to-day, the man to man fight and the devil take the hindmost; no musty documents of queens' intrigues for me. You see, it is the rattling good story of to-day that catches the reader of the moment and the shekels of the unwary."

"I see you have yet to live," said the older man, "have yet to touch the heights and depths. Some years ago, when I was living in France, I purchased a small chateau not far from Paris—never mind why I did what may seem to you a foolish thing, since I am so much in the land of my birth. Well, I still possess that lovely spot and the doors are open waiting my return. Old François and his wife have orders to serve whatever friend I may send to them. They have never yet been called upon to lay the table out on the terrace since—since I said good-by to them six years ago. The story I want you to write, the story locked away in the secretary in the library looking toward Pont de Veyle, is of the past you seem to scorn, but some day, when you are tired of 'boulevards' and absinthe frappé, rest for a time with old François;" and, taking a key from his ring and writing a few directions on a card, De Peyster gave them to Marsden. "You will find the letters and papers in the drawer the key unlocks," he continued, "and, if you write the story even *your* name will not sell it, but you may cut coupons off your past successes and wait for another modern plot.

"I would suggest for a title, *The Pure In Heart*. I am sailing for France in August but my seeing François depends upon one all important thing. If that happens we *may* meet. Good-by and good luck."

Marsden rose and they gripped hands, the younger man feeling that he had come near the holy of holies of De Peyster's heart.

Three months later Marsden laid down the last sheet of yellow manuscript and gazed out of the long low window, looking toward Pont de Veyle. The romance of the eighteenth century read within the walls of its aftermath filled his imagination. He could see old François out on the terrace just as it might have been when the Chevalier and the girl child, full of unanswerable questions, wandered among the roses so many years before.

Nothing was changed, even the miniatures were in their accustomed places on the wall. He recognized through the old letters the lovely

face of the Circassian, exquisite, dainty, whose great eyes were filled with love, fealty and sorrow.

"I wish I was capable of writing it," said Marsden, half aloud, "but give me modern stuff. The story in De Peyster's voice and hesitation, for instance—*that* I could do."

That night Marsden slept ill and his dreams were of the sad-eyed man and lovely child, while there would come to him at times the face in the miniature. He wakened early and with an almost irresistible impulse drew up his chair to the old secretary and read again the time-worn documents.

* * * * *

Monsieur de Ferriol was irritable. He had not slept well and all because, for the first time in his life, he had been defied and by a dependant on his bounty, too, which made the matter more grievous. He growled at his valet, sent away his tea as "not fit to drink," and querulously demanded news of the court from his obsequious secretary. Nothing pleased him, not even the description of the ball at the palace, for his ship had landed too late for him to witness the indiscretions of the Duc de Noailles. He grumbled too to think that that Chevalier Bouillon had received six thousand livres for simply suggesting the opera balls; why couldn't *he* have a brilliant idea?

He had promised an audience to those two nephews of his and with all his bad temper he knew that he would grant their request, for under his irritability there was a genuinely good heart. He heard them now in the ante-room. Was it worth while to have even a tilt of words with them? He was too old a man to care to fight for an unwilling sweetheart when he could pick and choose among so many.

De Ferriol had just returned from years of travel in the east to live out his days among his kin in France. He had made a demand which even his nephews, brought up in the profligate atmosphere of the time, resented and for good honest love of their foster-sister had sent word to their uncle that they would wait upon him and protest.

The two young men, among the finest of their kind, came in and gave de Ferriol a cheerful greeting. He was proud of them and told them so. "I know for what purpose you have come," he said, "and in the watches of the night I have made up my mind that you are right. We will have no discussion of the subject. I will treat Haidée as a father cares for his daughter, but before you go I want to tell you

her history, perhaps as a little extenuation of my attitude which you both resent.

One day, about a dozen years ago, I was wandering back and forth in the streets of Constantinople. Twice before I had purchased and sent to France children from the slave market. I turned toward that quarter of the city, and I saw lying in the market-place, fast asleep, the most exquisite child I had ever beheld. As I watched her ivory skin, her lovely features, she opened her glorious eyes and smiled. I asked her captors about her and, in Arabic, they told me that she was the daughter of a Circassian prince whose retinue had been massacred. They found her in an inner court, surrounded by attendants. Now, in the streets of Constantinople, she was for sale. The price of fifteen hundred livres did not seem exorbitant for so perfect a human being. I purchased her and sent her to Madame, your mother, with the request that she be educated and treated as one of our own blood.

Coming home now to remain the rest of my days, is it strange that the glorious Haidée, my own by right of purchase, should have turned the head of even an old man? Surely the moral atmosphere of France, where Haidée is not only allowed, but commanded to make her début to-night at the house of Madame de Parabère, would not prevent my placing her at the head of my household. I knew that she had asked you to intercede for her, but *understand*—I give her up of my own free will, having a saner view from the standpoint of age, this morning," he added with a wry smile. "I will continue to support her and ask only the affection of a daughter in return. To you and your mother must she look for guidance and I hear that Madame has planned a spectacular part for her to play. Now run away to your ribbon bows and picture pasting; I must dress for driving."

Madame was full of anxiety; her charms were waning; no longer did the Maréchal hang upon her words and he showed serious signs of ennui when in her company. Ambition is a fair substitute for love and something must be done to make her a necessity. With the wondrous beauty of her charge, the lovely Circassian, she could make her salon the most desirable of all the bureaux d'esprit in all Paris. After the night at Madame de Parabère's the fair girl was practically the toast of the city, and now had come a summons which meant power, wealth, position, everything desirable for the household.

She rang a bell and gave orders that Mademoiselle Haidée should

come to the morning-room. In a few moments there entered a girl of seventeen, graceful, exquisite, of the perfect Circassian type. Her eyes were large and lustrous, her complexion dazzling, but her great charm lay in her lovely expression of truth and purity—an exotic in the most corrupt court in Europe.

As Madame realized the glorious beauty of the girl her hopes soared to the zenith. No compunctions of conscience came to plead for mercy. The sacrifice of this pure girl to the profligacy of the times was all in the day's work and the brilliancy of the future would be compensation for almost any crime.

"Haidée, my child, come and sit beside me. I have something of great importance to tell you, but first tell me, was the evening of your début as lovely as it seemed to me?" said Madame.

The girl drew up a low chair as she answered. "Yes, dear Madame, but the wit rather frightened me and the men, and women too, talked of such deep things, of science, of politics, oh, of all the things I do not know. I must study hard if I have to talk to such men as Arouet, as Bolingbroke. Even the Regent, who honored me with conversation, said that they puzzled him and he wanted me to go out in the rose garden with him, but I knew you wouldn't approve and he said that you were quite right."

Madame smiled. "What did you think of the Duc d'Orleans, Haidee?"—"I, Madame? He is too great a personage for me to formulate thoughts about."

"Not too great to have sent to inquire about your health this morning and ask if you will accept this jewel." She opened a case and there flashed forth a priceless emerald! Haidée's birth stone. "For me!" exclaimed the girl, "it is a mistake, it cannot be for me."

"Listen, child," said Madame, "The Regent loves you; he has sent messengers to say that you will remain under my chaperonage but that our ménage will be increased to magnificence, that you will have horses and carriages, jewels such as you have never dreamed of—"

"Stop, stop, Madame, you frighten me," cried the girl, "I do not love him, he could not marry me if he desired me beyond anything in the world, and I, I, the slave girl, will not sell myself for the riches, for the glory of France."

Madame laughed at her frenzy and sneered, "What are *you* that you, a slave, purchased in the market-place of Constantinople, that you

dare refuse such an honor; what do *you* know of moral right and wrong? I, your protector, tell you it is the custom, it is not wrong, more wrongs are done under the law than outside the law. I tell you, that in return for what the family have done for you this chance for great power must not be thrown away." Haidée, in tears, acknowledged that perhaps Madame's reasoning was right, from her teaching she had no arguments to combat them, no reason for believing in the sanctity of the marriage vow.

Madame saw victory near and was overjoyed. She turned to embrace the girl but Haidée with white, set face repulsed her. "No, no, Madame," she cried, "it cannot be. There may be no wrong, I cannot say, but I will not sell myself for gold, I will not give my body without the love of my heart, the fidelity of my soul. If you say I must do this thing I will withdraw to a convent and spend my days in learning where lies the right and wrong of life. I swear it."

Aghast at her refusal, Madame let the girl leave the room without an appeal. She had been so sure of victory that the failure stunned her. This threat of a convent was the most effectual and subtle the girl could have used. Her beauty, her presence was necessary to the success of the salon of Madame and that must not be countenanced for a moment. Never again did she ask her fair charge to look upon the Regent, but she never forgave.

It is almost impossible from the point of view of the twentieth to enter into the atmosphere of the early part of the eighteenth century, and realize the liberty of action morally, combined with the despotism of those in power. The corruption was unbelievable and the written words of Haidée, "Everything that happens in this monarchy announces its destruction," were prophetic. It was an epoch of intellectual progress where expressed freedom of thought was only possible in some salon; a time when the friendship of clever women was a necessity. Conversation became a high art and truth was often sacrificed to wit and vivacity. It was at the bureau d'esprit of Madame du Deffand, whose wit was said to be equal to that of Voltaire, that Haidée, not long after her quarrel with Madame, turning from a conversation with d'Argental, looked into the eyes of the most superb man she had ever seen. The man called by Voltaire, "le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,"—the members of the company commented on the wonderful

grace and beauty of the young couple, the Chevalier d'Aydie and the fair Circassian.

Almost with malice, Madame de Ferriol encouraged the friendship and in many ways dropped words of counsel where they would be heard. She resented always the superiority of the girl and longed to see her step down from her pedestal.

The Chevalier was a Knight of Saint John, with all that that implies, but from the moment of the meeting at Madame du Deffand's the two young people thought of nothing but when they would meet again. With the Chevalier it was an adoration and with the Circassian, a complete outpouring of the spirit.

"Have you bewitched him?" asked Madame. "Only with the great love I bear him," replied Haidée.

Their love strengthened with time and after a year Haidée was missed from Paris. The Englishman who said, "I would rather please the fair Circassian than find the quadrature of the circle," told the frequenters of the bureaux d'esprit that, under the protection of Madame Villette, she had gone to England.

When she returned to Paris her beauty was more wonderful than ever and the devotion of the Chevalier more ardent than before. He begged her almost on his knees that she would allow him to obtain a dispensation from the Pope so that he might marry her.

"No," she replied, "it would be your ruin. You, a d'Aydie, could not marry a dependant on the family de Ferriol, a woman without a name, a slave child bought in the market-place. Do you not remember that other Circassian who brought ignominy on a brave Frenchman by giving herself to him in marriage? If you should cease to love me I should die, and your love could not, great as it is, survive the slights that would be put upon you."

The Chevalier, true to this glorious woman, besought her many times to let him acknowledge her before the world but always the same answer came, "I love you too well to marry you."

When that ardent churchwoman, Madame Calandrini, came into the life of Haidée, the Chevalier was too good a friend, too true a gentleman, to try to counteract her influence. He knew that the good woman was striving to awaken the conscience of his dear one, trying to make her understand the wickedness of her life.

In the darkness of the early evening Haidée would meet the Chev-

alier and they would steal away to a convent in the environs of Paris where their treasure was hidden. Each visit made the love of the Chevalier stronger, his protestations of eternal devotion more sincere, his demand for the blessing of the church more insistent.

Always firm in her refusal Haidée was now torn by her conscience. She wrote Madame Calandrini, "Perhaps God will after all have mercy on us. Why were not you my early protector? You would have taught me to love virtue. You alone have developed my soul. To break the bonds of a violent passion, of a tender and justifiable friendship, such is my fate. It is terrible, can death be worse? I fear to return to Paris: I fear whatever brings me nearer the Chevalier and I am unhappy away from him. Oh, why may not my passion be permitted, why is it not innocent?"

One day the Chevalier came to her in the rose garden. Years had only strengthened their devotion. In that short hour among the roses they drew near to their Gethsemane. Their great love would always live but their close companionship had ceased forever.

From that day the health of the beautiful woman failed rapidly. Through the assistance of Madame de Parabère and the Chevalier she confessed her sins to a priest and received absolution, made her peace with God. A few days before her death she wrote—"Why should I dread the separation of my soul since God is all goodness and my happiness shall date from the moment my soul escapes from my miserable body?"

One March day they carried Haidée, the beautiful Circassian, the girl without a name, to the Church of St. Roch and there, with many tears, they laid her reverently in the vault of the de Ferriol family. "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning."

Marsden dropped the yellow leaves and looked with clearer eyes at the miniature above him. "François," he called, "François!" The old servitor came in on tiptoe. "François, what was the name of the family who owned this chateau before Mr. De Peyster bought it?"

"It changed hands several times, Monsieur, but in my grandfather's time, and before, it belonged to the d'Aydie family, Monsieur. The Chevalier lived here many years. He was broken-hearted when the lady died and through Lord Bolingbroke, who placed the little girl in a convent, he procured a permit for her release and brought her here and here they lived until she married and he died. The miniature is of

her Mother, Monsieur. Some say that the Chevalier and his lady walk o' nights in the rose garden, but I'm a sound sleeper myself. I think it's not true, for she died a good Catholic and he—he was a Knight of Saint John."

* * * * *

The honk-honk of a motor horn broke the stillness. The past and present touched each other as the great car turned into the gate.

"So you took the challenge," called De Peyster, "This is my wife, Marsden," as he opened the door of the limousine, "we were married in Paris this morning." Was it the obsession of the eighteenth century romance that made Marsden say to himself as he motored toward Paris—"The haunting eyes of the miniature looked from the face of the living woman?" Was this the story De Peyster thought "worth while"?

Bob O' Lincoln

By WILLIAM COWIE

Bob o' Lincoln! Bob o' Lincoln!
Ah! sweet Robin, is it you?
Well may you sing, Bob o' Lincoln,
Nothing else you have to do!
Sing away: I'm listening, Robin,
Listening long and envying you—
I could sing too, Bob o' Lincoln,
Had I nothing else to do.

Bob o' Lincoln! Bob o' Lincoln!
Trill away till all grows blue,
Oh, how fine you are, Sir Robin,
None, you think, can sing like you!
None, you think, could e'er defeat you,
But your pride you yet may rue;
Robin, Robin, I could beat you,
Had I nothing else to do!

Could you sing so if they caught you,
Took you from your skies so blue,
And to turn a cage-wheel taught you,
Just for something else to do?
Oh, you're happy! but I'm thinking,
Robin, I were happy too—
Could I sing like Bob o' Lincoln,
And have nothing else to do!

A Lost Merchant Marine

By CHANCELLOR JAMES R. DAY

I vividly remember going from Maine to New York as a boy with my father and seeing at a distance down the East River what seemed to me a forest of leafless trees, but upon approaching proved to be masts of ships. They were great ships of that day and were discharging cargoes from all of the seaports of the world,—famous clipper ships from “around the Horn,” great “square riggers” from the far East. Nearly all of them carried the American flag.

No such sight greets the eyes of the boy of our times. Because the steamship has displaced the sailing vessel? But the steamship does not belong to us. Our ships have left the seas and other nations are carrying our produce and our manufactures. We apologize for it by reference to our internal development,—our railways, mechanical arts and vast agriculture. We have been building cities, tunneling the earth for ores and precious metals, and making homesteads for the millions.

England, Germany and even Japan have taken the wealth of the seas from us. This would not be so serious if it meant only the carrying trade. But it means the markets of the world, and this is now assuming serious proportions so far as our manufactured articles are concerned. The world must have our wheat. But in mechanical arts, Germany is our competitor as England always has been. Japan now has thousands of factories, with her covetous eyes upon China and the farther East and upon our own shores also. Germany is crowding England in South America, South Africa and down the Straits of Malacca, and bringing not only cargoes but markets to the Fatherland.

An American steamship owner, a solitary specimen, a curiosity, told me that he found it necessary to buy his cargoes in the far East and sell them in the United States to make business for his ships.

Germany, a little inland country that had to dig a way out by canals and dredging of rivers, with a small seashore line, has made marine laws so wise and used the subsidy so judiciously as to put her ships on all seas and is now giving chills and fever to the shipping inter-

ests of England. Germany is not threatening England with war but with the supremacy of her merchant marine.

We, on the other hand, by grotesque laws, by the dictates of short-sighted labor unionism, forcing in the one case the building of ships or their purchase under conditions that involve twice the capital upon which profits must be made, and in the other case the employment of labor at wages that cannot compete with the wage of foreign ships, are driving our merchant marine from all oceans.

The ship owner to whom I have referred, told me that 2,000,000 tons of American shipping are sailing under the flags of other countries. We have ships sailing under the Japanese flag on the Pacific because the owners cannot afford to sail these ships under their own flag.

A great ship owner four or five years ago took the specifications for a steamship to ship builders on the Clyde and asked for a bid. The figures given him were \$280,000. He brought the same specifications to a well known American firm and got a bid of \$450,000. He told me that the Scotch builders would have given him the better ship. The difference between German and American builders is about the same. Japan can build ships cheaper than we can and build them as well.

It can be seen that our ship owner referred to must use \$170,000 more capital, and make it pay, than an Englishman with a ship of the same tonnage.

Germany has put a subsidy behind her shipping and the ship owners of that country are opening the markets of the world for her. Her liners are crowded with passengers.

We haggle over the money we may put into some navigation company and our demagogues frighten us by lurid descriptions of the use of government money to build up a privileged class and we are not known in the markets of foreign countries by ships that carry our own flag, except by two or three corporations which sell their own cargoes and have brought back to our shores in a generation billions of money.

From New York to Hongkong I did not see an American flag on any merchant ship. In that harbor I saw the stars and stripes above the Pacific Mail steamship and learned that that company was losing thousands of dollars on every voyage. They must run them, however, as a part of their trans-continental railway system. The great ships of England and Germany connected around the globe under their own

flags. We go as far as Hongkong and stop. Beyond there, if one wishes to go, he must sail under another flag.

Two thoughts impress me in this connection. 1st,—With the enormous increase of our population and the multiplying of the mechanical arts, we soon must have the markets of the world and we shall find them preëmpted by nations more enterprising than ourselves. China is being interlaced with railways. Great steel plants are being erected and western ambition is stirring the blood of that mighty Empire. China will soon demand those things that Western civilization furnishes in exchange of trade. To-day millions of kerosene lamps are burning in her humble homes where two decades ago such a thing was not known or regarded with distrust—a mystery. Her vast fertile plains wait our agricultural implements. Her rivers and streams and her mines wait our manufacturing devices. Great steamships of other nations may be seen loading in her harbors and up and down the Yangtse. Siam, the Straits Settlements, Burma and India, are offering new and increased opportunities. These great countries are emerging into new forms of life and demand many of the products of our manufacture in exchange for the wealth of the Orient. In the near to-morrow they will have the ideas and the capital turning in their direction by which all these countries will be vast hives of the industries and their useful and fine arts will be offered in exchange with all markets. They have capacity for enormous wealth.

There are nations wise enough to see this, and they know that steamship lines to such countries are of first importance to the land whose flag they float.

2nd,—If naval armaments are to persist, and that they will for generations we must reluctantly admit, it is of vast importance that ours be manned by men of the flag. Mercenaries will never defend our shores. But where are we to look for a navy without ships enough to make our sailors? Our merchant ships could not man half of our battle ships and armored cruisers. We are digging a ditch across the Isthmus of Panama without a ship to go through it or a market to sail into. Japan is about to take the ports of Western South America by a great line extending through the Samoan Islands. One company in Japan owns about one hundred great steamships. We seem to be facilitating the other nations in reaching great markets which they have developed while we are sleeping.

Our canal will permit the passage of war ships carrying our flag to defend an impecunious merchant marine that is the joke and by-word of the world, war ships manned by sailors from other nations!

Think of our nation with the greatest shore lines and bays and harbors of any nation, with internal resources yielding ten millions of dollars a day, driven off the seas by a pent-up inland country with the narrowest shore lines like Germany and by the little Island Empire of Japan!

It is a difference of wisdom, of statesmanship, of enterprise.

Syracuse University, Nov. 8, '09.

“Padishah Him Chok Tasha!”*

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

There were great state ceremonies last year in many countries. In Holland a future queen was born and in Sweden a king was buried; in Austria a white-haired monarch celebrated a reign of threescore years, in the Balkans a prince proclaimed himself a tsar and in our own land we saw a president in the making. But to my mind, the most significant and picturesque ceremony of them all took place within the mysterious precincts of the Eyoub Mosque, on the shores of the Golden Horn, when the Sheikh of the Konia dervishes, white-turbaned and purple-robed, girt the sword of Osman about the ample form of the fourth sultan to bear the Prophet's name. By that act Rechad Effendi, for three-and-thirty years as jealously guarded a prisoner as the Man in the Iron Mask, became, under the name of Mohammed the Fifth, not alone the ruler of forty million Turkish subjects, but, and this is of far greater significance, the commander of two hundred million true believers.

No sovereign in modern times has ascended his throne under circumstances so dramatic. Only a fortnight before his investiture, Rechad was a prisoner in the Palace of Tcherigan, his life in hourly danger from poison or assassination, his very name whispered under the breath. His brother, Abdul-Hamid, relying on the gold-bought loyalty of the Constantinople garrison, had flouted the Constitution he had so grudgingly granted, threatened Parliament, defied the Young Turks and virtually reëstablished the old, despotic order of things. Silently, swiftly, suddenly, like a panther in the night-time, came the *coup d'etat* which hurled the Sick Man from his throne and sent him, a captive, to Salonika. Was ever a stranger trick of fate? In a single hour a ruler became a prisoner and a prisoner a ruler.

How many of you, I wonder, have ever heard what Abdul-Hamid, whom some called the Sick and others the Damned, really said when

*This is the cheer which always greets the appearance of a Turkish sultan, and literally translated means “Long live the King of Kings!”

he was deposed and taken into exile? Some of the newspapers had it that he pleaded to take with him only seven of his women and some said seven hundred; some that he pleaded for his empire and others for himself. But here is the real story, the inside story, of that night's grim historic doings. That it is literally true there can be but little doubt, for the official who read to the fallen despot the parliamentary decree told it to me. It was seven minutes after midnight when the little group of officers in their uniforms of soiled and torn khaki entered the Sultan's cabinet in Yildiz Kiosk and read to the little, timid, shrinking man—his face, one of them told me afterward, was the color of a dead fish—the sentence of dethronement and imprisonment for life. When the reading was finished he remarked in a voice all choked with tears, “So this is the treatment I get for feeding my brother on bird's milk.” And again and again, while his handful of faithful attendants were dressing him for his journey into exile, he kept repeating, as though to himself, “So this is the treatment I get for feeding my brother on bird's milk.” At half-past two in the morning they took him out of the palace on the first journey he had taken in more than thirty years; on the last journey, mayhap, he will ever take in this uncertain world of coffee-cups and daggers. The electric lights in the palace had gone out, for the imperial servants had fled almost to a man, so a soldier took a lamp from a waiting carriage and used it to light the steps of the fallen monarch. Without the door an armored automobile, one of those that had borne a part in the street fighting of the previous day, was waiting to take him to the station. It looked big and grim and ghostly in the uncertain light of the lamp and the machine-gun on its top peered menacingly from behind its armored shield. Now Abdul-Hamid had never set foot in a motor car, and it was with considerable trepidation that he took his seat in the corner pointed out to him. But when the driver threw on the power and the big car began to vibrate with the pulsations of the engine, the ex-sultan became so completely terrified that it became necessary to remove him to a carriage, in which, surrounded by a cloud of cavalry, he was rushed through the silent streets of the sleeping city to the train waiting in Stamboul. And all the way he would mutter again and yet again, “So this is the treatment I get for feeding my brother on bird's milk.” Now the dethroning of despots is not a part of the day's work of most young cavalry officers, even in Turkey, so it is scarcely to be wondered at that

the officers in charge of the august captive were first puzzled, then curious, and eventually a trifle irritated at the reiteration of this apparently senseless remark. His personal attendants were questioned as to what he meant, but without any light being shed, until up spoke a faithful old body-servant who had been with Abdul-Hamid since he was a boy. "My master's meaning is plain enough," said he. "When he and his brother Rechad were boys together, Rechad Effendi fell ill with a malady of fever, and my Imperial master—whom Allah preserve—each day fed his brother, whom he dearly loved, with a prepared milk which he took from a tin, and on each tin was a picture of a bird—and from that day has he always spoken of it as bird's milk."

That Abdul-Hamid's reign came perilously near to ending in a general massacre of the Christians throughout the Empire, there can be but little doubt. It was the last desperate move of a desperate man. The game had gone against him. There was everything to win and nothing to lose. He would play then the last card, the thirteenth trump, and turn loose the fanatic thousands who waited only for his signal to massacre every Christian man, woman and child in Ottoman dominions. That the European Powers, under such provocation, would intervene was certain, and, recalling his unbroken line of previous successes in playing the nations off, the one against the other, there was sound foundation for his belief that in the *melée* which would ensue he would again emerge the winner. For there has been no brain in Europe astute enough to cope with Abdul-Hamid, remember, since the grim old Bismarck died.

Would you hear then, my friends, the secret story, the hitherto untold story, of the desperate game which Abdul-Hamid played with Destiny and lost? The massacre was to have begun on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of April last, the signal for a general slaughter of the Christian residents of the capital being a carefully prearranged attack on a Moslem school for boys which stands just opposite the Sublime Porte. That it would be necessary to sacrifice the lives of a hundred Moslem children in the execution of the scheme was a matter of small moment to Abdul-Hamid or his minions. Such things seldom are when empires are at stake. The attack on the school was to be made by a body of *hamals*, those gigantic Kurdish porters who do the work of draught-horses and who form the most fanatical and dangerous element of the population. The bodies of the murdered children were to be

dragged into the street and a cry raised that they had been killed by the Armenians, a cry which would have been like throwing oil on a smoldering fire. From the massacre of the Armenians to the massacre of the other Christians would have been but a single step. Even the embassies were not to be spared, for steps had been taken to isolate them, as well as the foreign consulates, schools and missions, from such feeble succor as might be attempted by the crews of the foreign gunboats lying in the harbor.

That the streets of Constantinople did not run with Christian blood is due to the talkativeness of a pasha's gardener and to the determination and energy of two young officers of cavalry. On the night of Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, the Moslem gardener of a certain palace official approached his master with a request for a holiday on the following day. This the pasha refused. The gardener, a fanatic of the old school, answered in great surprise: "But surely, Excellency, you will let me go when it is, as you know, to carry out the will of the Padishah—whom Allah preserve! It would be ill indeed if I did not do my part in to-morrow's slaughter of the unbelievers." The pasha, who obviously had not been taken into the confidence of his Imperial master, went forthwith to Nizam Pasha, the commander of the Constantinople garrison, for advice. Nizam, a man of culture and attainments and with many friends among the foreign residents of the capital, listened to the pasha's tale with an affected air of unconcern. But no sooner had his visitor departed than he called for his horse and rode at top speed through the night to San Stefano, where the army corps from Salonika known as the Army of Liberation lay encamped a dozen miles without the city walls. Here he found Chevket Pasha, the generalissimo of the Salonikan forces, who listened with deep concern to his story. "True as I believe your story to be, Excellency," he said, "it is impossible for us to enter Constantinople in time to avert the massacre which is undoubtedly impending. We are not ready, my men are but half supplied with ammunition, only part of the guns are here, we have insufficient rations—I am sorry, but an immediate advance is impossible." Entered the tent at this critical juncture two young majors of cavalry, Enver Bey and Niazi Bey, the real organizers of the Young Turk movement. To them Nizam Pasha repeated the story of the impending massacre. "We must enter Constantinople to-night," they declared together and before their decision

Chevket Pasha gave way. Nothing, indeed, is more illustrative of the astounding condition of affairs which prevailed in the Turkish army at this time than the manner in which these two young officers, neither of them thirty years of age, directed the military operations and dictated to their superiors. At dawn, therefore, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, the Army of Liberation, with bands playing and colors flying, and with Chevket, Enver and Niazi riding at its head, entered the Turkish capital in triumph.

Constantinople, as everybody knows, is formed of two cities, separated by the Golden Horn, and joined together, like Brooklyn and New York, by great bridges. Stamboul is a city hundreds of years old and rises on a great hill covered with white houses and gilt-domed mosques, while Pera-Galata, just across the way, is a sort of shabby, Oriental Paris, its Grande Rue, lined with foreign shops, consulates and embassies, being to Constantinople very much what Broadway is to New York. And just as Broadway links up with the Brooklyn Bridge at one end and runs into Central Park at the other, so does the Grande Rue, starting from the rickety Bridge of Boats, find its end, after many turnings, in the great park which surrounds the Palace of Yildiz.

From every available point guns were immediately brought to bear upon the more turbulent districts of the city; troops were detailed to guard the embassies; armored automobiles patrolled the principal streets; squadrons of dragoons and gendarmerie held the more important squares. Murdering such of their officers as advocated surrender, the troops of the Constantinople garrison made a determined though unorganized resistance. From Pera to Yildiz, a distance of three miles or more, every foot of the Salonikan advance was bitterly contested, the narrow streets bordered by overhanging houses serving to make the fighting particularly deadly. But unofficered troops, even if their courage has been fortified by imperial gold, cannot stand for long before disciplined and well-handled soldiery, and the Army of Liberation, it must be remembered, was magnificently led, the dispositions made by Chevket, Enver and Niazi arousing the admiration of every foreign officer and correspondent who saw them. There is no need to repeat here the story of that day's fighting; suffice to say that when the garrison had surrendered and the city was under military law, the Macedonian gendarmerie, to whom the policing of the capital was intrusted, found

that the lower classes of the population had been plentifully supplied with gold, and in Turkey gold is only given for services rendered. Incidentally, they found a million pounds in golden sovereigns and small denomination banknotes hidden away in Abdul-Hamid's private apartments—enough to have bought up every thug, murderer and fanatic in the capital, heart, body and soul. It was a close call that the foreigners had and they did well to cheer Enver and Niazi right heartily as they rode down the Grande Rue at the head of their white-capped, white-legged Macedonians, for it was to them they owed their lives.

So they made Abdul-Hamid a prisoner in his own palace, he, the Sick Man of Europe, the greatest diplomatist of the age, the Shadow of God on Earth, whose name has been the synonym for more bloodshed and cruelty than any other name since Nero's. They sent him up to Salonika, guarding him as closely as was ever his brother Rechad, and they took this same Rechad, a good-natured, benevolent, irresolute, portly puppet of a man and put him on the glittering throne of Osman. And that there might be no possible doubt about the legality of it all, they had the Sheikh-ul-Islam issue a religious decree confirming their action and they brought the Sheikh of the Mevlevi dervishes all the way from Konia, in the heart of Asia Minor, that the Sword might be girded on with all due ceremony, for your Turk is a great stickler for form and etiquette where anything of a religious nature is concerned. And in the wake of the Tchelebi hastened deputations from all the nearer corners of the Empire; Albanians and Anatolians and Arabs, Syrians and Greeks and Jews, desert men from the Hedjaz and the Yemen and strange peoples from Tripoli and Armenia and Kurdistan, for it had been a third of a century since the world had seen such a ceremony and it may well be that it will never see its like again, for times are changing in Turkey and ideas are changing as well.

The ceremony of the investiture—which corresponds to a coronation in Christian lands—took place in the Mosque of Eyoub, a minaretted, marble building which stands beyond the walls of Stamboul, amid dark groves of cypress, at the extremity of the Golden Horn. It takes its name from Eyoub Ansari, the companion-in-arms and standard-bearer of the Prophet, who was killed at the first siege of Constantinople by the Arabs in 668 and is buried here. So sacred is this mosque held that no Christian had hitherto been allowed to cross its threshold or even to live in the suburb which bears its name. The actual girding

on of the Sword of Osman—the founder of the dynasty—took place in the small, octagonal, porphyry-lined chamber where the body of Eyoub rests in a green-draped coffin. So small was the room that this portion of the ceremony was witnessed by scarcely a score of persons. The Americans who were in Constantinople on the day of the investiture, including the staff of the American Embassy, could almost be numbered on the fingers of two hands, while of those who were so fortunate as to see any portion of the ceremony at the mosque there was but one besides myself, Putnam Bradlee Strong of the *New York Herald*. Admittance to the district surrounding the mosque was hedged about with immense formality, and though we bore passes signed by the Generalissimo of the Forces himself, we had a nervous fear of being turned back at the last moment and when within sight of the goal. Indeed, I think it was only owing to the impression produced on the police and soldiery by the sight of our silk hats and evening clothes at ten o'clock in the morning that we succeeded in reaching the place to which our passes entitled us.

As the midday gun boomed out its signal from Topkhané the *muezzin* appeared on the minaret, his falsetto voice raised in the shrill, quavering call to prayer. "*Allahu il Allahu*" he chanted. "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is His Prophet." From the distance, from somewhere within the labyrinth of courts and walls and passageways which surrounded the mosque there welled up a great roar, the hurrah of the Orient. The Sultan had been invested with the Sword and was leaving the mausoleum. After praying at the tomb of Eyoub and again in the great mosque, the newly-made sovereign crossed the marble courtyard, with its giant plane tree and its fluttering pigeons, to greet his assembled officers. Here were gathered all the great dignitaries of the Empire, the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizier, the Ulemas, the Senators and Deputies, the superior officers of the land and sea forces, the cabinet ministers and civil officials, to say nothing of a host of pashas and sheikhs and emirs clad in all the colors of the rainbow. Thus thirty minutes passed. The throng of dignitaries waiting without the mosque puffed nervously at their cigarettes and talked in undertones, the Macedonian soldiery, their round white caps and bandaged legs making them look for all the world like stage brigands, broke ranks and thronged about a sherbet seller who drove a thriving trade; the postilions of the imperial carriages dozed in their saddles.

A bugle sang out shrilly and every one straightened to attention. Eunuchs appeared, unrolling a priceless carpet to the carriage door. The crowd of glittering officials surged forward, their hands in turn on heart and lips and head, as is the fashion of the East; the eunuchs salaamed until their fez-tassels swept the ground; the rows of rifle-barrels came rigidly to the present; the leader of the Albanian band, who looked like the prophet Dowie, brought down his sabre, and brass and cymbals crashed together in the Constitutional Hymn, and framed in the marble archway appeared a portly, bow-legged, smiling man, his plain blue uniform with the broad green ribbon of the Osmanish order slanting across the breast, in striking contrast to the dazzling costumes about him. “*Padishah him chok tasha!*” The roar of welcome filled the air. Mohammed the Fifth, by the grace of Allah Emperor of the Ottomans, Commander of the Faithful, Shadow of God on Earth, had come into his own.

Started then the imperial procession, the like of which, for Oriental color and magnificence, has been equaled in recent years only by the Delhi Durbar. It was the Arabian Nights brought up to date. In it were the representatives of the Turkish possessions on three continents; a mollah from Mecca with a green turban sat beside a Druse emir from the Cedars of Lebanon; the Grand Vizier, in a uniform made by a Parisian tailor, rode in the same carriage with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who, as every one knows, is the pope of the Moslem world, and whose robe was of emerald green and whose turban was of cloth-of-gold. There were Albanian highlanders wearing the fustanella, their white linen folds starched so stiffly that they looked ridiculously like ballet-dancers; there were fierce-faced fighting-men from Montenegro and Herzegovina and the Sandjak of Novibazaar, in gold-incrusted, turquoise-colored frock coats that would make a woman sigh with envy, their trousers tucked Russian fashion into their high boots, bearing at their gaudy, sash-bound waists veritable arsenals of weapons; there were Tripolitans in burnouses and Egyptians in tarbooshes and Arabs from the forbidden land of Hedjaz in sweeping gowns of yellow silk, their *keffiehs* bound with ropes of camels-hair. There were coal-black eunuchs from Nubia and Abyssinia and the Sudan, their lean forms wrapped in tight-fitting frock-coats with great display of jeweled orders, and strange mountain folk from the shores of the Black Sea who wore high caps of sheepskin and carried their cartridges in silver cases sewn across their breasts. His

Most Beneficent and Amiable Holiness, Joachim III, Patriarch of the East, who wears his flowing hair in a psyche knot and stands in much the same relation to the sixty million members of the Greek Church that the Pope of Rome does to the members of the Catholic faith, rode in the same carriage with the Armenian Patriarch, whose thoughts were far away in the Tarsus hills, where lay the forty thousand bodies of his murdered country-people. After them came the Exarch of All the Bulgars, whose appointment rent the Orthodox Church in twain and was the chief cause of the Macedonian question, and with him was the Patriarch of Jerusalem, his cassock ablaze with jeweled stars and crosses, his head enveloped in a flowing veil, and after these heads of churches came a host of lesser ecclesiastical dignitaries, some with veils and some with beards and some with flowing hair, but all of them strange and foreign and outlandish looking. Most magnificent of all were the Ulemas, the wise men of the Moslem world, their robes of emerald embroidered in gold, across their breasts the scarlet ribbon of the Medjedieh order; their grave, patriarchal, white-bearded countenances lending an indescribable air of dignity to the whole procession. In their midst rode the Tchelebi himself, black-bearded, hawk-nosed, gowned in richest purple, wearing a wonderful rope turban of twisted strands of muslin and riding the sacred white donkey which was brought from Konia for the occasion.

But the best thing about the procession, after all, was the soldiery, for the whole affair was distinctly military in its nature. Indeed, the keynote of the new régime was struck by the two armored motor-cars which headed the cortége, up-to-date, efficient, businesslike, the lean muzzles of the machine-guns peering sullenly from behind the slanting shields, the crews in workmanlike khaki, the cars in their dull gray paint looking like battleships in miniature as they rocked and swayed over the unpaved streets. Close behind them trotted a squadron of mounted gendarmes, officers and men in bottle green and silver. After these, beneath the fluttering flags and between the double row of thirty thousand glittering bayonets, and under as bright a sun as ever shone, came a resplendent group of mounted men in uniforms that differed in everything save magnificence. This was the General Staff of the army, Chevket Pasha, Generalissimo of the Forces, riding at its head. On either side of him, in stained and well-worn khaki, rode two young officers with the shoulder-straps of majors. One was twenty-eight,

with a blond moustache, and looked younger; the other was likewise twenty-eight, with a great, up-turned black one, and because of it looked ten years older. And how the people cheered when they caught sight of those two young men, and well they might, for they were the real heroes of the Revolution, “the Liberators” the people call them, Enver Bey and Niazi Bey. They were a strange contrast, in their soiled and shabby uniforms, to the gorgeousness about them, but it was as it should be, for those were the uniforms in which they came from Salonika, “with three pairs of socks and six collars in our saddle-bags,” as one of them remarked, and those were the uniforms in which they took Constantinople and put Mohammed on his throne. Only one other man in the whole procession received so enthusiastic a greeting from the spectators, and that was Field Marshal Fuad Pasha, the exile of Damascus, the famous soldier whom the Russian general Skobelev once called “the bravest man in Europe” and to whom the revolution brought liberty after a dozen years of incredible cruelty in his Damascus prison, where he had been sent by Abdul-Hamid because he refused to take part in the massacre of the Armenians. The crowd knew him at once despite the white hairs and the prison-pallor, and greeted him with shouts of “*Aleikum es-salaam!*” which means in English “God be with you,” and every now and then during a halt the general would ride up and speak to some soldier in the line who had served with him against the Russians, and so make him happy.

Came then soldiers without number: lancers of the Imperial Guard in blue and scarlet, Anatolian dragoons in sky-blue tunics and astrachan fezes, gentleman volunteers from Salonika in sage-green serge and caps of gray chinchilla, and after them the Macedonian cavalry, fierce-faced, fur-hatted troopers on shaggy, ill-kept ponies, their carbines slung hunter-fashion across their backs, their stained gray uniforms looking terribly in earnest, and in the ranks, now and then, a bandaged head or arm, grim reminders of the stirring days just past. These Macedonian horsemen formed the sovereign’s escort and at their heels rode the Imperial *piqueur*, an Albanian giant clad in the picturesque dress of his race, as are all the palace servants, and riding a magnificent bay charger. Then, midst the gleam of gold and the flaunting pennons, came the Padishah himself, riding quite alone in a coach so covered with gold that the woodwork was scarcely visible, turning his face slightly from side to side and with his white-gloved hand constantly touching his fez.

The housetops rocked and the stands seemed to surge and sway with waving handkerchiefs and upraised hands, and the groaning, awe-struck cheer rose to one great roar of "*Padishah him chok tasha!*" which drowned the bands and the booming cannon.

In profile at least Mohammed V bears a somewhat striking resemblance to President Taft, having the same full cheeks, the same sweeping gray moustache, the same portly figure. But there the resemblance ends, for the cheeks are an ashy-gray in color, the moustache hides an irresolute if kindly mouth, the chin is covered by folds of flesh, the eyes are benevolent but sleepy, oh so sleepy, in their glance. It is not the face of a man who can ride the whirlwind; not the face of a man who can plot and intrigue; not the face of a thinker or a philosopher; but rather the face of a weak, undetermined, kindly man, accustomed to and enjoying the pleasures of life but without the energy or determination to get them for himself. And yet what else could one expect from a man who has been a prisoner for a third of a century? This man, remember, knew of the outside world only what he had read in books; he had not been on a train or a steamboat for close on forty years; he had been forbidden the European papers; most modern books had been denied him; he had not been permitted to write letters; his only companions were his attendants and his women; for years past the mere mention of his name had been sufficient to place the speaker's liberty in danger. Yet he is well educated; he speaks a little French and a little German, he reads English, he has a wide knowledge of ancient and modern history and of the Koranic law, and, perhaps because of his enforced seclusion, he is intensely progressive. Already he is said to have schemes for the virtual rebuilding of Constantinople. For the city through which he passed, though one of the great metropolises of the world, with a million and a quarter of inhabitants, has neither electric lighting nor street-car systems, neither telephone nor postal deliveries, neither an ambulance service nor a sanitary department, nor even pavements worthy of the name. This city, through which he drove for the first time as a free man, was hoary with antiquity when London was a settlement of mud huts and Paris had yet to be founded in the swamps beside the Seine; a city that has fallen in turn to Thracian, Persian, Greek, Gaul, Roman and Arab; whose streets have shook beneath the tramp of the legions of Darius and Pausanias and Lysander, of Xenophon and Philip of Macedon and Alexander, of Severus and Constantine and Haroun-al-Raschid the Caliph of Bagdad.

Every step of the route was a lesson in Oriental history, and it was these points of interest that gave the route and the procession its peculiar dignity and significance. Starting from the Eyoub mosque, where lies the body of the Prophet's standard-bearer, the procession passed through winding, unpaved lanes, so narrow that two carriages could not drive abreast, where the houses, with their projecting second stories, all but touch overhead; where the red fezes of the spectators vied in brilliancy with the red of the fluttering banners; past street on street of cemeteries, where the Turkish women, their veils now cast aside forever, sat in their thousands on the gilded tombstones, looking, in their silks of blue and green and red and purple like some enormous species of butterfly; and so on to the Adrianople Gate, where fell the last Greek emperor and where entered in triumph the Turkish conqueror, Mohammed the Second. Here took place the most striking feature of the whole ceremony, for, following the example of his illustrious ancestor and in accordance with a time-honored custom of the sultans, Mohammed rose in his carriage and drawing the jeweled sword of Osman, flashed it in the air, by this token taking possession of his capital. Thrice the cortège halted that the sovereign might be served with sherbet by the clergy of certain ancient mosques in accordance with their traditional privilege, and thrice he gave back the drained glasses filled to the brim with gold pieces. At the tomb of Mohammed the Conqueror he said a prayer beside the green-draped coffin which holds the body of his illustrious forebear, and then, paralleling the Byzantine walls, which have looked down in their time on Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, on Godfrey de Bouillon and his Crusaders, on Attila the Hun and Haroun-al-Raschid, he came at last to the Bab-i-Humayum, that lofty portal of the Old Serai where the heads of decapitated pashas were placed in former times, and within sight of which, only a few days before swung in ghastly festoon, the corpses of Abdul-Hamid's adherents. Again alighting from his carriage the Sultan, following an ancient usage, ploughed a furrow in a field beside the palace gate, thus signifying that he can, if necessary, earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. And as the procession wound its glittering length through the palace gate, again welled up that great cry "*Padishah him chok tasha!*"

* * * * *

In the window of a modest Salonikan villa stands a little, hook-

nosed, gray-bearded man, staring out at the sun as it sinks in the blue Levantine. He has a hundred millions, they say, stored away in European strong-rooms, and there are faithful hearts still in the Asian hinterland. But all he sees is the sun, fast sinking in the waters to the West.

Romany Love Song

By GEORGIA ROBERTS DURSTON

There's a breath of Spring in the air,
The blue-bird swings on a spray
And preens his wings and sings and sings
Of the bud and bloom of May.

While around me and everywhere
The tender blades upstart,
And all day long my one glad song
Is ever of thee, Sweetheart!

Till the restless sea gull goes
O'er the sand bar's line of white
And rocks o'er the deep in a fitful sleep
Thro' the solemn hush of the night.

The blue-bird dreams of the rose
And the sea gull dreams of the sea,
And at night while I lie with face to the sky
My dream is ever of thee.

And each heart turns to its own
With love's most tender art—
So, night and day in the budding May
My thoughts are of thee, Sweetheart.

The Rivalry of Tip and Ty

By CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK

The town of Redberg ought to have been good for a Republican majority of sixty votes as regularly as election day came around. It had become debatable ground, nevertheless, except in presidential years, because William Henry Harrison Robinson and Tyler Sammons, while of one political kidney, chose to be implacable foes. Rival aspirations that took greater account of personal prominence than of party success made Redberg an open wound, to heal which the leaders in the city had in vain tried the curative agencies of both schools of political medicine—the heroic treatment of allopathic surgery and the gentler treatment of homeopathic medication.

But the thing had at last been given up as a bad job. The sore was beyond remedy and the worst of it was that it was kept bleeding by two men who should have been the fastest of friends, not the most relentless of enemies.

Robinson and Sammons were of an age to a day, almost to an hour. Their births had been practically coincident. It was a day singled out in the history of Redberg. Never before, or since, had two families in the community been so blessed on the same day. For well nigh seventy years the record has stood unparalleled.

To be explicit, it was as long ago as 1840 when all this happened. What is more, the advent into the world of William Henry Harrison Robinson and Tyler Sammons had a sort of historic connection. It was this way: The head of the Robinson family was a Whig and the head of the Sammons family a Democrat. As bitter as the conflict of parties was in the campaign of 1840, the Robinsons and Sammons dwelt together in Redberg in a state of perfect harmony. So it was that they had agreed that whatever the outcome of the election might be, it would seal their affection. Certain events expected in both households were to afford the means. If William Henry Harrison won the day, both babies were to live their lives named in honor of that outcome. If, on the other hand, Martin Van Buren was the people's choice, it

was to be his name which they would bear. The two friends had even gone so far as to anticipate the possibility of girls being born to one or t'other, or both, and names like Martina and Willimina were held in reserve for such a calamity.

We all know the story of that wonderful campaign and of the election of Harrison and Tyler. Of equal moment—at least in Redberg—was the birth of two boy babies in the Robinson and Sammons families almost before the country had received the full news of the election.

According to agreement and in due course William Henry Harrison Robinson and Tyler Sammons were christened at the Presbyterian meeting-house in Redberg.

Of course, the little Whig became Tip Robinson and the little Democrat Ty Sammons, as always happens to boys who can be nicknamed. So they continued to be called as time took flight. At sixty-odd the nicknames still stick.

But Tip and Ty were never bound by the parental covenant. More's the pity, they parted, virtually, at the baptismal fount. It is a tradition of Redberg that they were at outs as mere children and came to blows as husky boys. And this in spite of the fact that they were good boys, as boys go, and as men, were deserving of the respect of their fellow-citizens.

When at 21, in the exercise of their rights as American freemen they both cast their first votes for Abraham Lincoln for President, it looked as if their life lines might cross, but, as a father's training could not keep the Democrat-born boy from being a Republican-converted man, so the baptismal bond proved as utterly ineffective.

"It'll be Tip agin Ty an' Ty agin Tip till the las' dog's hung," was the sage remark of Deacon Silas Hasbrouck, the peacemaker of Redberg, whose powers of conciliation had been set at naught by the inborn cantankerousness of Tip and Ty. It went without saying in Redberg that when Silas Hasbrouck's ministrations failed there was no balm in Gilead. When a Tripper and a Murphy had run away to be married and had scandalized the whole community by an unholy alliance, had he not brought the families together in loving communion in the face of the fact that the Trippers were hard-shell Baptists and the Murphys worshipers at the papal shrine? As surely, too, had Silas Hasbrouck loosed the dove of peace above the Davisons and the Watermans, who

for a generation had been embroiled in a Kentucky feud that had started with the killing of a sheep and had reached a stage when the killing of each other might have followed in natural course.

Scores of other wrinkles Silas Hasbrouck had ironed out during a long life among the good people of Redberg. Verily, there was no help for Tip and Ty if he could not intervene.

Tip "kept store" at one corner of the village green at Redberg Square, Ty at another. Across the velvety stretch of grass they waged the war of rural commerce. Wall street in a panic was only relatively livelier when, as sometimes happened, there was a dearth of eggs, or butter, or calf-skins to be taken in trade for the domestic necessities in which they dealt.

"What's Tip givin' for eggs to-day?" the shrewd farmer would inquire of the first man he met on the way to the Square, in which case he would rein up in front of Ty's and, on the information in hand, "bull" the market. The exigencies of such a trade as theirs required the keeping of a general store, but as one added this or that to his line, his rival followed suit, until their supplies comprehended everything such a community could possibly want, from a paper of pins to a stock of coffins.

Tip had indeed forced Ty into the undertaking business and out of this competition briskly carried on above the graves of Redberg, a rivalry, rude and unrelenting, had been developed. This was a matter that between Tip and Ty was rapidly drifting into a contest, beside which their periodical fight over the village postmastership was a mere nothing.

Tip and Ty had been postmaster of Redberg by turns, but finally, plagued by both their importunities, the party managers in the city went over both their heads and dictated an appointment that was to be regarded as neutral. It proved a wretched device if it was designed to harmonize existing difficulties in Redberg, for whenever there was any voting to be done, they cut and slashed the ticket like the bold buccaneers that they were. It, therefore, chanced that Republican Redberg was frequently electing Democratic supervisors, town clerks, assessors, constables and pathmasters, and seriously endangering results in the county at large, to the unceasing alarm of everybody concerned.

It may be imagined that men who could thus juggle with the liveliest interests of a community like Redberg must have been men of con-

siderable parts, and so they were. There was no way out of it—if you lived in that town you were for Tip against Ty, or for Ty against Tip.

“This here is Tip’s town,” his partisans would cry if they won an election, or if the result was reversed, “This here is Ty’s town” would be shouted with equal vehemence.

So the rivalry of Tip and Ty was deemed to have reached its climax when they made preparations to bury the dead of Redberg. Up to that point their townspeople had not missed the spirit of humor in the conflict, but this latest manifestation of its intensity was taken rather seriously. Redberg had been satisfied for all time to go to Fayette or Williamsville for an undertaker when death called one of its people home.

“Looka’ here, Tip,” said a citizen of Redberg, whom everybody knew was not given to bluster, “I want to tell yer that you fellers is carryin’ this here thing too dum fur. Nobuddy’s goin’ to kick over the traces if you put in any dum thing Ty does—it doan’ make no difference if it’s mowers and reapers, or patent horse liniment, mouth organs or parlor melodeons; but I jest want ter up and tell yer we ain’t a-goin’ to let nuther of you fellers mark us fur death. We ain’t a-goin’ to go ter our own funerals like we do ter your corkuss—there ain’t no politics in this here. What’s more, Tip Robinson, what’s the use of you fellers tryin’ to sell coffins, and sich fixin’s, when you ain’t got no hearse, nuther of you? And them fellers over to Fayette and Williamsville has? And hearses cost more’n wheelbarrows.”

“You just keep your shirt on, will you?” Tip made answer. “There ain’t another store in this town that’s got twenty yards of silk on its counters—is there? I’d like to know in whose house they’re playing the first piano ever brought to Redberg? And can’t that niece of mine make her sing? I’m talking about pianos, not melodeons. I tell you—and Redberg knows Tip Robinson, I guess—that when it comes to being a leader, you can read my name on that silver door plate of mine. And as to hearses, I’ve got the cash to buy one, when it comes to that.”

This is exactly what it did come to, and with a rush, too. Within a month—and long before a necessity for its use had arisen in Redberg—a hearse, beautiful in its mournful panoply, came spinning into Redberg behind a chestnut pair, their heads checked high to display the ostrich plumes that nodded so prettily in the summer wind.

But it was Ty Sammons's chestnut pair, not Tip Robinson's skittish roans that brought the hearse.

"I jest wonder," Ty said, as he got down from the festooned box of the hearse in front of his store, and in an ecstasy of honest pride listened to the compliments his new purchase drew from the gathering throng, "I jest wonder if some of you folks know whose town this here is to-day? Shouldn't wonder, nuther, if the sheriff'd be sticking papers on some-buddy's front door, afore long."

Ty's eye was glancing carelessly across the village green.

"That beats Tip's pianner all holler," said one of Ty's partisans, after having left the imprint of his nose upon the beveled glass side of the funeral car.

"Waal, some," responded another. "Wonder what Tip's gal'll play on the pianner after she sets eyes on this. Gee, ain't it purty? Kinder makes a feller wish he wuz dead."

"What'd she cost, Ty?" was a bold inquiry of a villager.

Ty gave a knowing wink and replied—

"Bout 'nough to buy a store chuck up with them pianners."

If there were those present who had heard Tip's boastful estimate of his financial ability a month before, they had no reason to look farther for the incentive which controlled Ty's mind when he invested in the hearse. It may be that Redberg would be without a hearse to this day, had Tip been less boastful of his ability to buy one. News traveled fast in Redberg, and the rival stores were the points around which public interest centered.

Tip was not long left in doubt of the fact that his boast had really led to Redberg having a hearse. At his store that night, to which only the most faithful of his followers were attracted, he made as good a pretense as possible of unconcern in the arrival of Ty's hearse.

"He'd never have bought it if I hadn't said I was thinking of one myself."

Then, as if he had had a sudden inspiration, he slapped one of the little company on the back, laughed rather dolorously, and while he trimmed a lamp that hung from a chain above the counter said:

"Hearses cost anywheres from five hundred to a thousand dollars. Perhaps Tip Robinson didn't know what he was about when he got that fellow over there to put all the cash he could rake or scrape into it. Perhaps Tip ain't up to snuff."

His friends nudged one another and said that perhaps after all he was a sly one.

Be this as it may, there was no doubt in Redberg that the town had taken a long stride forward. The possession of a hearse had raised it to a higher plane of civilization, giving the little settlement at the edge of the big woods reason to hope that as a next step it might incorporate as a village, thereby taking rank, or for that matter, outranking either Fayette or Williamsville. Both places, it may be remarked, had shown a miserable disposition to lord it over Redberg because the railroad accidentally passed their way.

As for the rivalry of Tip and Ty, that had been cast into deep shadow by that black wagon with its tasseled draperies of mourning cloth showing through the glass enclosure, and off of which its self-contained owner pulled the sheets that covered it at least twenty times a day, until every inhabitant for miles around had gazed in admiration upon its depressing beauty.

In all probability, Redberg would have had a double occasion for pluming itself on its advancement, had not Tip's sudden inspiration on the day of the hearse's arrival put him in position of being compelled, out of respect for his avowed cunning, to stop at competition at just this point. Should he add a hearse to his establishment, how could he claim to be the sly one his friends thought him? So he consoled himself, as did his faithful henchmen, wishing everybody in Redberg the longest of lives. To give even greater emphasis to his professed love of his fellow man, Tip took early occasion to get rid of the three coffins he had in stock, and thereupon to announce that he had gone out of the undertaking business for good.

"My motto," Tip fell into the cheerful habit of saying as he jovially waited on his customers, "my motto is 'live and let live.' I ain't like some folks I know of who sit around all day with their ears to the ground waiting to hear that somebody's dead. 'Tain't any money in my pocket to have folks kick the bucket. The longer folks live the better for Tip Robinson—which ain't what everybody in this town is saying, now is it?"

Not infrequently, conversation being thus headed in the direction of Ty's hearse, a thoughtless villager would give voice to the grim and grisly curiosity that was beginning to haunt the public mind.

"I wonder who *will* be the fust to take a ride," was the general tenor of these dismal observations.

As the weeks slipped by and no grave was dug over there in the little cemetery at the far side of the green, the speech of people grew a trifle bolder. Where the village gossiped summer nights on the store steps, the comparative ages of this or that old resident became a favorite theme of current talk. With an avidity of interest that touched closely on ghoulishness the village listened to the vaguest rumors that some of these was failing, and if any one marked in this way happened to turn up missing at the post office, or was absent from meeting on Sunday, everybody pricked up his ears like a dog on a scent.

After this fashion, Widow Martin's dropsy got hold of popular interest and old Cap Durkee's "rheumatiz" was raised to extraordinary importance. Deacon Salisbury's sister-in-law had been a confirmed invalid as long as Redberg could remember. The night that the deacon stopped in at Ty's store to buy a lamp wick and report his sister-in-law "down sick" was the night that El Talbot said:

"Thet deacon's stood by Sate Smith jest manful. Ef I wuz in his boots I'd wish she'd git well—or suthin'."

Fact was, the village was getting restless waiting for an occasion on which Ty Sammons's new hearse could be used.

The deacon's sister-in-law grew worse instead of better. The doctor came over from Williamsville to see what could be done for her, and as he gravely shook his head and said never a word when asked if his patient would pull through, Redberg settled down at last to the conviction that it need waste no more time in hazarding guesses as against what appeared to be a melancholy certainty.

With becoming patience, therefore, it awaited the issue of Sate Smith's last attack.

A day arrived, too, when the Williamsville doctor was brought over in a greater hurry than ever, an incident that seemed to leave no doubt as to what was to happen, when instead of stopping at Deacon Salisbury's cottage, he drove at a smart gallop to Tip's door. Then, such of those as lifted their eyes above their daily tasks, saw that the doctor had come with Tip and that Tip was handling the reins. The roans were reeking with foam.

It was not long before Redberg knew that Tip's niece was tossing on a bed of fever. No one in Redberg need be told that Tip loved his

niece as he would a daughter. Hadn't he bought the only piano in the village for her?

And Tip's niece was very sick, very sick indeed. The case was desperate, so desperate in fact, that Tip would not hear of the doctor leaving that day, or the next, no matter what it cost. At the post office the second night of his stay the doctor told inquirers that the girl was as sick as she could be and live. Tip shut up his store in order that there might be absolute quiet about the premises. Things were as doleful as could be in Redberg. There was no doubt that people's hearts had gone out to their old friend. Tip's enmities were lost sight of in these hours of his sore trial.

Ty had his troubles, too. Chief among them was a disposition among certain of his followers to heartlessly match the waiting hearse against the silent piano, to the obvious advantage of the man of their choice. One of these that very night, going further than the rest, precipitated a climax.

"This is whar you've got him," this fellow said. "If the gal dies—and I guess she's got ter—Tip's got ter hire that hearse o' yourn or he'll be drov' outer town. Folks in Redberg know you haven't had no fair show with it yit, Ty, an' ef he goes an' gits the job done by that feller at Williamsville, or to Fayette either, that'll be the end o' him—an' serve him dum good an' right."

Ty's head was pretty well hidden in a cracker barrel at this time. He hardly got the drift of the talk at first, but when he did, what happened made everybody in the store sit up and take notice.

Ty was accounted about the spryest man in Redberg for his age, but to see him go over the counter almost at a bound, was something of a sensation. Once on the other side, he caught his fool friend by the shoulders, and half lifted and half pushed him out through the door, over the threshold of which he tumbled, sprawling in a heap in the road. The doctor was passing at the moment, having taken a half hour for a stroll. There was the element of luck in his presence, for the fellow needed patching up, and needed it sadly. It had to be done elsewhere, however, as Ty would not relent even to the extent of letting the doctor do the work in the store.

"The miserable skunk can't come in here," Ty exclaimed in the heat of his anger. "And ef he was as dead as Andrew Jackson to-morrer, I'd not let him go in that hearse o' mine—no sir, not fur no money. Tip

Robinson's been no friend o' mine, and you fellers all know it, but this ain't no time to settle old scores. I kin do that on election day."

It was the doctor who carried this gentle message across the green to Tip Robinson. He had got ahead of Deacon Hasbrouck, the village peacemaker.

The day after Redberg gazed with wonder on what bore a striking likeness to a miracle in its midst. Tip and Ty were shaking hands like old friends on the edge of the green. Those who looked on kept a respectful distance, but it is said that the furrowed cheeks of both men were wet with tears. What had softened the feeling that had turned their hearts to stone so many years ago, everybody knew within an hour.

"The gal's better this morning," Tip said, as the two greyheaded men went into Ty's door. "Doctor Tetlow says he thinks the worst's over—but I tell you, Ty Sammons, I tell you—well, if anything *should* happen, I'd come to you. After this, it's 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,' and don't you forgit it. If that letter rack you used to have is lying around loose, you'd better dust it off. I think I'd like to see the post office sign over your store door agin."

At the next election Redberg cast a larger vote for the Republican ticket than the town had ever done before. The triumphant slogan was the long-forgotten battle-cry of 1840—

"Tippecanoe,
And Tyler, too."

The Reading of Fiction

By JOHN B. HOWE

Some people read fiction to be amused; some, to be amused and instructed, and some (marvel of marvels!) to be harrowed. The last named make up a larger class than cheerful men and women might suspect. Frank A. Munsey, the successful magazine publisher, is on record as saying, in substance, that the most popular short stories are those that bring the tears, and relieve the sadness with no gleam of sunshine. This may be an exaggeration; but the fact remains that the works of fiction that disturb the mind and distress the feelings command a respectable clientele of admirers. Of English authors who occasionally appeal to this sorrow-loving class perhaps Thomas Hardy is the most gifted. I recall no modern story more heart-racking in its climax and outcome than his "Tess." To many of us it is something of a mystery that men and women should read stories for the sake of experiencing painful emotions. It is a sort of self-inflicted torture, without the penitential compensation.

The class that reads fiction for entertainment or recreation alone is more numerous, or, at least, more in evidence. Its only desire is to be diverted. "An idle and futile occupation!" the serious-minded will exclaim. But that judgment is as rash, I believe, as it is austere. Personally, I confess a strong sympathy with the man who reads stories for amusement alone, provided always that he sets a rational limit to the pastime and wisely employs the rest of his waking hours. For the mind must have relaxation as well as the body; and where can one seek it with a fairer hope of success than in a realm of fancy where the intellect can revel without exertion, emerging freshened and perhaps sweetened. Among the great works of fiction many were written for no other conceivable purpose than to entertain. Of these "Robinson Crusoe" may be considered the unequalled masterpiece. It appeared nearly two hundred years ago, and, measured by modern standards, its literary workmanship is inferior. But it is none the less an inspired story—an unique blend of the fanciful and the practical. Taking

another radiant example of this fictional species, the function of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is solely to enliven and beguile; yet it is also a classic in its way. On the whole, I feel that the man who never reads for pure entertainment takes too grave a view of life's opportunities, and denies his mind the frequent airing it craves and needs.

We come now to the lovers of fiction who read it both for sentimental pleasure and intellectual profit. It is they who are able to draw upon the treasures of imaginative literature with the surest benefit to themselves; who perceive that good fiction, like good food, has a two-fold mission—to satisfy and to nourish. By this test we can distinguish the great fiction of our libraries from the base imitation that delights for the moment but is then cast aside and forgotten, like a child's broken toy. The masters of fiction have been those who addressed their messages with equal persuasiveness to the heart and the mind; and the reader whose heart responds while his mind approves and admires needs no other assurance that he is garnering the choicest fruits of this noble department of literature.

The ideal novel is that which reveals in complete harmony the imaginative faculty, the most essential gift of all; skill in construction, or plot-development; keenness of perception and accuracy of treatment in analysis and description; a profound knowledge of human nature, and the literary grace and charm that give outward form to the artistic ensemble. No doubt this is equivalent to saying that the ideal novelist has never lived; but it is enough to know that some have fallen so little short of the perfect standard that the cultivated reader forgets their defects in contemplating their manifold excellences.

That which we call the best fiction has been produced, with rare exceptions, since the first decade of the nineteenth century; and the pioneer of this prolific era was Walter Scott, who was also the real founder of the school of historical romance. The Waverley novels have been the delight of three generations of readers. If there be any lovers of Scott who have never read the story of his life by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, I would advise them to repair that omission; for the record of Scott's heroic struggle against disease and debt imparts a deeper interest, not unmixed with pathos, to his literary achievements. About four years after Scott's death the novel-reading world beheld the splendid dawn of Charles Dickens' career. It is the fashion in severely critical circles to decry Dickens, but it will at least be admitted by the

most fastidious among them that the range of Dickens' beneficial influence upon human emotions has never been surpassed in the annals of purely imaginative literature. I share in common with multitudes of others a disposition to acclaim him as the prince of story-tellers. Where else in all the output of novelistic genius can we find such combinations and contrasts of humor and pathos; of grotesque creations and simple, manly types; of the foibles of the mean, the avaricious, the treacherous and the cruel, and the always lovable eccentricities of the generous and the good; of the selfish indulgences of the rich and the patient lives of the poor; of the intensely dramatic and the pitifully commonplace in human action and experience. I should like to place "Dickens—A Critical Biography," by George K. Chesterton, in the hands of every scoffer at the creator of *Pickwick* and *Micawber*. Along with Scott and Dickens we can put Thackeray to make a glorious triumvirate—Thackeray, the most genial of cynics, the gentlest of censors of frail humanity.

But these are all household favorites, and it is worth while to leave them, secure in their fame, to inquire how far we, who are dazed with the glitter of sundry "best sellers," have neglected the novelists that rank a little below them but are still worthy of our renewed homage. How many of us return to the pages of George Eliot, to follow the stately processes of her powerful mind, to study her finely delineated types, to listen, with revived and sympathetic interest, to the sermons she preached, with passion and suffering as her text? How many of us have read a second time, or even a first time, Charles Reade's stories "with a purpose"—theatrical, if you will, and at times transparently artificial in method, but vibrant with the impulses that thrill and elevate? Competent critics have pronounced "*The Cloister and the Hearth*," with its strange medieval atmosphere, the greatest historical novel ever written; and they may be right. How many lovers of mystery stories among us have been magnetized by Sherlock Holmes into forgetfulness of Wilkie Collins? Have the "best sellers" wooed us away permanently from the serene rural landscapes and vine-decked parsonages of Anthony Trollope? And we in this country who are waiting with modern eagerness and impatience for the great American novel—how faithfully have we kept up our acquaintance with the fiction of Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe?

I have mentioned these authors to do what I can in the way of sug-

gestion to encourage a second, or even a third or fourth reading of the masters of the golden age of fiction. The majority of educated Americans have read, once at least, the best works of the authors named; but one hears too often the confession that the process was never repeated. The man, however scholarly he may be in other respects, who could be content with a single reading—even a studious reading—of Shakespeare could barely be said to have sipped from the fount of that peerless genius. Similarly, they who vainly seek to satisfy their jaded palates with current productions alone, while the classics of fiction remain undisturbed on their library shelves, miss the opportunity of thoroughly testing real novelistic art—the art which so exquisitely combines amusement with intellectual gratification.

In our time we have had novelists of superlative skill who, I fear, are too much neglected. Stevenson is one of them. It was a strange vagary of his marvelous fancy that he did not even attempt to create an interesting heroine until he planned his "Weir of Hermiston," one of his two uncompleted works. But for originality of dramatic invention and literary power and finish, he owns no superior among writers of fiction, in my judgment; and no author of sea stories has ever approached the majesty and power of his apostrophe to the Pacific in "The Wreckers." Thomas Hardy is another of the later school that always deserves an attentive re-reading. His awesome depiction of the Wessex heaths, so subtle that one feels in every fiber the spell of their gloomy grandeur, is scarcely more fascinating than his studies of odd and errant human character—of uncatalogued natures, one may say—which none but a mind of masterful initiative could have bodied forth upon the printed page. As my reference to latter-day authors is not meant to be more than suggestive, I will pass on to the two most conspicuous American writers of fiction in the past three decades—Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. Both are humorists—the one broad and extravagant and the other delicate and reserved. Both are fair subjects for re-reading. I am glad to be ranked as an equally devoted admirer of the two; and of Howells I would say that if his imaginative faculty, which many challenge, were far less fruitful, I should still treasure his stories as models of a lucid, dexterous and precise English style. Lesser novels of our time may be re-read to advantage. I can illustrate by naming two romances of modern construction that stand the test—Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and Weyman's "A Gentleman of France."

A word in conclusion as to the quarrel of the fictional schools. We have the cult of the romanticists and the cult of the realists, and each opposes and disparages the other. The wise novel reader, in my opinion, respects, and profits by, both. I must personally confess something of a partiality for the romance; because the pages of reality are unfolded before us every day in actual experience, and life, after all, is the greatest portrayer of men and events. Yet I would sooner read a good realistic novel than a bad romance. It seems to me that this is a subject of discriminating judgment that calls for broad catholicity of taste. Gold is gold, whether we procure it in nuggets by placer mining in the romance, or gain it in scanter quantities by grinding the homely quartz of realism.

Inventions

By ERNST HELD

(*Translated from the German of Heinrich Heine*)

Tell me, who once invented the clock,
The minutes' division, of hours their stroke?
It was a shivering, woebegone man,
Who thought and schemed thro' winter-nights' span,
Who counted of mice their squeaking and picking,
And the wood-worms' even-measured ticking!

Tell me, who once invented the kiss?
Some youthful lips full of warmth and bliss;
They kissed and thought little; Lack-a-day!
'Twas in the beautiful month of May;
The flowers all o'er the grass were springing,
The sun was smiling; the birds were singing!

Lieutenant Creegan

By CHARLES CORMAC MULLIN

Lieutenant Creegan, the handsome, youthful-appearing patient that tossed restlessly on a cot in Bellevue hospital, had been badly injured at a hotel fire downtown, where he had worked like a Hercules, taking women and children off the hot fire escapes. It was in the act of bringing down the last girl, an onlooker told it, that the rescuer suddenly lost his grip on the scaling-ladder and both plunged downward; the girl falling safely into the net, but Creegan missing it and striking the pavement. "A cracked skull and some broken ribs," said the surgeon, "with, perhaps, internal injuries."

It was now close to midnight, and the little knot of watchers round the unfortunate's bed conversed only in frightened whispers, dreading the last gasp of the unconscious fireman.

The gong in the corridor sounded. The lieutenant's white face lifted abruptly in the cot and stared at the transom over the closed door.

"One—two—three—fifteen. We go, boys!" Then Creegan's voice dropped to a murmur, as he eagerly leaned forward, a gleam in his wild eyes.

"Let 'em out, Jim; 21 is due at this corner. Turn in and look out for that car! . . . Oh, we've got 21 skinned! . . . Take that fire-plug on the near corner; quick now! It's our fire and a bad one!"

He turned his bewildered gaze to the nurse who spoke to him and gently pressed him back upon his pillow. His vague mind lost the thread of his illusion and he obeyed like a child.

For a time he remained quiet.

"Girl?"

This time the nurse was prepared and Creegan did not rise up, although he tried to, and even swore at the arms that held him down.

"I've got to get that girl off that blistering fire-escape. Can't you see? Stay up there, little one, and don't jump; I'm coming up after you. Hang on hard—I'll be up to you in a moment. I'm coming, hang on! There! now don't move until I tell you. . . . Take it easy,

now. Don't mind your hair; nobody'll notice that. . . . Don't give way like that, miss; I've brought down a lot of 'em to-night without a mishap. Don't grab so; can't you see I'm handicapped by this heavy fire coat? Don't pull and jerk like that. Don't—Oh!"

A muffled cry of pain—the first Creegan had uttered this night—escaped him, and his eyes cried out to those about him for relief. He was sane now, his pain made him so; and for an instant a glance of recognition flashed into his weary eyes, as he gazed upon a mother, a sister, and Mary Nolan, his "steady." The next moment his mind was again a blank.

A man in a fireman's uniform tiptoed in, cap in hand. "How is he?" he whispered, addressing the nurse and glancing apprehensively toward the cot. His head dropped between his shoulders as the answer came, and he slowly turned and went out.

The next day, the next, and, in fact, for many days following, came generous bunches of red roses to adorn the unfortunate fireman's room. But Creegan never noticed the sweet aroma nor the brightening effect. Once, imagining himself on a ladder and about to fall, he uttered a cry and shot out an arm at the cut-glass receptacle, filled with roses, and the glass's contents were strewn over the hospital floor.

Still the flowers kept coming each day. One morning, during the second week of Creegan's confinement, a motor dashed up to the hospital door. It contained a bevy of sumptuously-clothed, bright-faced maidens; one of which, "a peach" Creegan would have said had he seen her, sprang from the conveyance and hurried to the hospital entrance, a mammoth bouquet of roses in her arms. A moment later she was timidly following a nurse along the corridor toward the injured lieutenant's room.

As she stepped into the sickroom for the first time, she abruptly paused, a flush overspreading her dainty features. Gaining courage, the girl moved softly to the little table on which were the previous day's flowers. She shuddered as her eyes fell on a battered fire hat adjacent. The nurse, pleased with this beautiful visitor's presence, received the fresh roses from trembling hands and slipped them into the glass receptacle.

The newcomer thanked her and tiptoed to the bed. In subdued tones the nurse informed her anxious visitor that the patient's chances of

recovery were, in the doctors' opinion, about even; which was, under the circumstances, considered remarkable.

"Don't clutch like that; I'll take you down all right!"

This delirious uttering caused the handsome visitor to start and tremble so violently, that the nurse placed an assuring arm about her.

"Let your hair alone, nobody's going to notice that! Just hang easy across my shoulder as if you didn't seem a pound. I've brought down a lot heavier than you, miss, so don't get scared—I won't do it again. Stop that, I tell you. I—I—"

Here his words ran on mumbly, as the nurse replaced the ice-cap, which had slipped from her charge's head.

"Don't grab like that!" he again broke out. "Don't pull—can't you see I'm handicapped by this heavy fire coat? Stop—sto— Oh!"

As the boyish figure writhed in this momentary spasm of pain, a tiny gold-rimmed memento slipped into view on his breast. Involuntarily the visitor glanced at it. It was the likeness of a girl she had never seen.

"Who shall I tell him called?" inquired the nurse, as her fair visitor now moved slowly to the door." You know he has lucid moments at intervals."

"Just say Miss—just tell him the one who sends the roses!"

Lieutenant Creegan made a fairly rapid recovery. The rugged constitution born of hearty Irish parents could not be overcome by such conditions as a cracked skull and a few broken ribs. That was why Creegan, four months after his terrible plunge from the fire ladder, stood, this Christmas holiday night, in the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was his first theater detail since he had reported back for duty; and he strolled from place to place carefully inspecting the electrical apparatus, trying the fire exits, and noting the availability of the stage nozzles.

It was an opera that was on. Creegan didn't know its title, nor did he care to inquire. Nevertheless, he listened a while to the Apollo-like tenor; he observed how wide the contralto's mouth gaped when she performed; and leaned forward to get a view of the golden-haired soprano, who was holding the vast audience spellbound with her clear, limpid and soaring notes. Once he peered down into the orchestra,

wondering why the big musician with the little oboe blew out such squeaky notes all by himself. Then his attention returned to the golden-haired singer at whose feet the enthusiastic listeners in front were hurling huge bouquets. He liked this performer's figure and her way of doing things.

He was beginning to tell himself how this singer was in a class by herself, when he saw a thin curl of smoke issuing from the mouth of a singer on the opposite side of the stage. So making his way across by the under passage, he approached this bush-jawed chorister. "Say, mister," he whispered in his ear, "you'll have to cut that out; no smoking in the house—strict orders, sir!"

This infringement of rules was sufficient to cut off Creegan's sentimental interest in the opera; and, sauntering back behind the scenes through jabberings of foreigners, the humming of scales and amid ambitious females endeavoring to emulate the soprano's highest notes, he came to a secluded spot near the stairs which led up to the artists' dressing-rooms; and here he remained till the performance was over.

The applause and "bravos" were still ringing in the front of the house, and the chorus members were flocking impatiently toward their dressing-rooms, when someone shouted to clear the way.

A lane was made quickly for the golden-haired soprano, who now appeared. She was still in the heat and the intoxication of her late ovation; and her glowing eyes hardly observed where she stepped in her temporary bewilderment. In her arms she bore several fragrant bunches of flowers, which spread themselves in such exuberance that the singer's pretty head seemed to grow out of them.

As she reached the foot of the stairs where Creegan still stood, she caught sight of the badge on his cap. She turned and shot a glance at his staring face.

"My fireman!"

As her cry rang out, the staggered Creegan endeavored to move away. The next moment, however, he found himself encircled by a multitude of gaping singers and stage hands. The artist's flowers were jammed against his face, and he was compelled to shut his mouth tight to keep out the strands of shining hair of the girl who clutched him in her joyful eagerness. Then he realized that he was being pulled up

the short stairs into her dressing-room, where he stood, blushing and confused.

Into this room rushed groups of the artist's friends, to whom she began to relate a tale of which the discomfited Creegan was evidently the principal; for, as she talked on excitedly, her listeners sent frequent admiring glances in his direction. The snatches of this narrative that reached him bore him back to the dense and smothering smoke of several months since. There he saw a girl hanging far above him, imploring the crowd below for aid. Up the scaling-ladder he ran. Now he was coming down, the girl over his shoulder. Again he felt her spasmodic clutch and sternly warned her to desist. No use, she but shook and clutched the more. Then, just as he was balancing himself on a window-ledge, preparatory to swinging his narrow ladder down another story, he felt another sudden clutch, tried to maintain his seat, missed the grasp for the window, and toppled out.

He shivered and glanced over at the speaker. She was smiling at him; so were her companions. He returned an uneasy grin and turned toward the door. The singer ran over to him.

"You have a sweetheart, haven't you?"

Creegan nodded, wonderingly.

"She is there on your breast!"

Instinctively the fireman clapped his hand to his bosom, as though the little image of Mary Nolan had in some way become exposed to view. No; it was where it belonged—close against his heart. Then he glanced up, surprised that anyone, except himself, should know that.

"Please accept this token," said the soprano, apparently unmindful of his nonplussed face, as she endeavored to press something into his hand. "Don't refuse it; please don't. It is my Christmas present."

But Creegan mumbled his rejection and retreated nearer the door.

"Yes, I know you are paid by the city for doing these things," she returned to his excuses, "but please—please take this from me!"

Creegan wouldn't, so she deftly slipped her present into his overcoat pocket as he fumbled with the exit latch.

"What company is it you belong to?"

"65."

"Thanks; good-by!"

On the street Creegan's gait was unsteady. He seemed intoxicated by his recent extraordinary experience. He grinned, chuckled, forgot

which turn to take, then came to and hurried on. At the next corner his hand struck against a bulging something in his overcoat pocket. He paused to pull it out. It was a roll of ten-dollar bills!

With swimming brain he dropped this little fortune back in his coat, mopped his forehead and glanced around. He was in the thick of theater emptyings, so he stepped over to the inner side of the walk to let them pass. To his added perplexity many of these persons gave vent to personal remarks plainly aimed at him, while others laughed and stared. Following their eyes he glanced down at his uniform. Figuratively speaking, he was a walking flower garden! He certainly couldn't go back to quarters looking like that.

With a sheepish grin he dodged into a convenient area-way to pick from his coat the numerous flowers pinned there. As he did so a girl's image flew into his mind. It was she who lay against his heart. These roses would do for her.

And that roll of money? What a sparkler he would slip over Mary Nolan's finger his first day off duty!

And he hastened on to fire quarters carrying the flowers carefully bunched in his hand.

The Age of Knighthood

By PAUL M. PAINE

Here shall be told how Sir Lee, in spite of burdensome plumpness, came to represent the very pink and flower of chivalry in the whole town of Sparta. Chivalry, to be sure, ran in his family. His father and mother came North after the war bringing with them two children and an oil painting of General Robert E. Lee, and Sir Lee's father, without previous experience, embarked at once in the dry goods business in a frosty and deciduous climate. That the picture of General Robert E. Lee should have been practically their only ornamental possession throws a certain light upon the spirit they showed when they left their native state.

Thereafter Sir Lee and his sister Lady Amy entered school in Sparta, studied with scowling brows the United States history adopted by the Spartan village fathers, one of whom having spent six bloodless but uncomfortable weeks under arms at the time when Sir Lee's grand-uncle was touring southern Pennsylvania, concluded that a text-book which spoke of the southerners as rebels and neglected entirely any idea that they might have been conscientious in anything they did, was patriotism. When Lady Amy and William's sister Mary returned the histories which they had exchanged by mistake the picture of Lincoln in Mary's history was decorated with horns put in with pencil which had been well moistened in Lady Amy's pink mouth before every stroke, while Mary had unconsciously retaliated by putting long wooly ears upon the likeness of Jefferson Davis and a villainous-looking pipe in the mouth of General Robert E. Lee.

Let me put it immediately on record that no such feline or womanish tactics were pursued by Sir Lee. He did not dispute about the war. He made a soft answer when little Beulah Thompson asked him if any of his family had ever been slaves. Sir Lee was a round and jocund cavalier, bearing no grudges, fighting no duels, repelling no advances, sleeping well o' nights. His mother brushed his straight, soft hair without difficulty in the morning, and it stayed so most of the day. He was

the companion of everybody, from Doc Tanner, who took care of the Hotel Sparta bus horses, to the President of the bank and the night watchman. When in secret council of the Round Table the question was, who of the four knights should be the last to mount Old Emancipation, the fattest of the bus horses, Sir Lee volunteered. The fact that he was not in sympathy with the meaning of the day when Old Manse was born, the fact that he and Old Manse were both too fat for cavalry service and that when the four knights mounted at once the last of the four was just forward of the haunches in dire danger of losing off, the fact that he did, in truth gradually and peacefully lose off over the tail of Old Manse to the ground, leaving nothing for the other knights to do but to follow, and nothing for Old Emancipation to do but to stroll to the other side of the street and eat grass like an ox, is no part of this story. What I am trying to illustrate is the knightly spirit of Sir Lee, as proved in a great ordeal of knighthood.

The day that won for Sir Lee the election as the flower of chivalry was a day in early spring. William, snuffing the air early in the morning, hurried back into the house, "Mother, c'n I go up Porter Creek with the other boys to-day, if they want to?" he asked. He would rather have cut off his tongue than to have admitted the truth, that it was an expedition of knights in search of adventures in chivalry. Chivalry seemed to be so unfashionable in Sparta that the knights never admitted that they were such. They said untruthfully that they were only pretendin', when they were surprised in knightly behavior. "Robert Lee's goin', I think, and Albert Warner, and Peyton Sherwood and maybe Sinclair Leonard."

"Yes," said the lady, with some hesitation, "I suppose so, though I don't see why you should always take that Warner boy. You won't sit on the damp ground, will you?" The knight had fled before the last words were uttered. He well knew the codicils and provisos often attached to parental permissions, and he avoided them when he could. He had not spoken to the other boys about going up Porter Creek. Somebody had to choose. He might be the one as well as any. In half an hour they had started, with what provisions they could get together.

Early spring makes itself manifest to the soul of the boy in Sparta in many subtle ways. The faintest of fragrance in the air, the streams flowing full and soft, flush with the level of their banks, peepers at sun-

set, the beginning of color in the willows, the cawing of the crows, the song of certain nameless and insignificant spring birds along the banks of streams, none of these are lost upon him. He has no misgivings on account of the snow in the northern hollows of the hills and the fastnesses of the woods, or the raw feeling of the air when the sun is under a cloud, denoting the passing of the spirit of winter. The voices that speak to him are unmistakable and imperative and he obeys, as the needle the pole.

Therefore the knights set gaily forth. The head knight was William, because he founded the order and contributed to it a valuable collection of stones, including a polished quartz pebble which he had picked up at Coney Island upon a recent notable excursion. On some occasions the knights armed themselves with swords and with shields made from the round tops of sugar barrels. To-day they were bent upon exploration and carried no useless baggage. They were practically unarmed. For provisions there were potatoes, a half peck of them. Sir Lee carried them in a pail, William had matches, some bread and half a dozen fried cakes. Peyton, the archer, had a slice of ham and a frying pan. Only one of the party carried nothing, he walked in the van of the procession and gave advice. He was a stunted and worldly youth, tired of ordinary joys, for he had lived four years in Elmira, where his father conducted a pool room. Cigarettes were not unknown to Albert Warner!

Half a mile from Sparta, on the shores of Porter Creek, the knights halted and Sir Lee began to collect material for a fire. It was hard work, for dampness lay upon all the earth. The others helped, all but Albert Warner. He superintended, for his worldliness was so monumental that none of the other knights ever asked him to do anything. When the fire was started Albert was seen standing with his back to it "legs wide, arms locked behind," a young Napoleon at Ratisbon.

The Napoleonic effect was heightened by the fact that Albert Warner had in his mouth a stick with a spark at the end. Interesting fumes arose from it through the cool spring air. Other still more interesting fumes emerged from Albert's small and thin-lipped mouth. Most miraculously, still other fumes came visibly from Albert's nose. He neither coughed nor wheezed, blowing the smoke out as if it was nothing at all.

"What you got, Albert?" inquired the archer.

"Aw, nev' mind," said Albert.

"Go on and tell a fellow," persisted the archer.

"Naw, it'd make you sick."

"'Twouldn't either. I've smoked grapevine and rattan and corn silk and newspaper cigarettes."

"Huh." Silence, while more fumes arose from apertures in Albert's face.

"Well, I think you might," said the archer, and returned to the business of gathering wood with William and Sir Lee. He knew better than to urge Albert to betray his worldly knowledge. Albert capitulated. "Come here'n I'll tell you," said he.

"Well, then!" said the archer, who had some spirit, even in the presence of Albert and sometimes had doubts as to his superiority, worldly though he was. The other knights gathered around. When they were all present Albert Warner said "Creek root. Dig in the bank."

They dug, lying flat upon the moist and chilly earth, each boy projecting as far as possible over the edge. The last time the bank had caved in it had left exposed certain porous rootlets of an elm tree. Cut in six-inch lengths these rootlets being ignited were capable of causing the same vile fumes that had awakened the envy of the other knights.

It was Sir Lee's fortune to dig in that particular part of the bank where the spring freshet had eaten away the earth the most. . . . They pulled Sir Lee out, and he stood shivering upon the grass. A swamp immediately formed about his feet. He moved. Another swamp collected. Wherever he stood he had a moist habitat, like the wild calla or the side-saddle flower. He stepped, and the water sloshed about horribly in his shoes. The wild cold wind chilled him. Even the red blood that coursed so copiously in his veins and the warm blanket of flesh that protected him from the bruises of life, were not enough.

A sob rose in Sir Lee's throat. It was instantly suppressed. He remembered his granduncle, General Robert E. Lee, and his loyal consideration for his friends. "N—n—n—ever mind, f—f—fellows," said Sir Lee. "I ain't hardly at all cold. If you can lend me some things I'll be ready to go on after collation." They need not return, then, miserable and defeated to their homes! Sir Lee wouldn't retreat. Immediately his rotund contour stood by the fire exactly as God made it, and as a series of good meals and an everlasting fund of good nature had

rounded and dimpled the original design. William loaned his trousers, the archer loaned his coat and shoes. Albert Warner drew a pair of knit wristlets from his pocket. They were striped green and yellow. He was not wearing them. Sir Lee could not get them on.

The potatoes were both hot and hard, the ham was nearly heated through. Only the doughnuts were perfect. The knights continued on their way to Shannon's sawmill as soon as the meal was finished. Sir Lee was rosier than ever, and his cheerfulness was the life of the party. But he was not allowed to carry anything. He was made to march, shamefacedly enough, at the head of all the knights. When there was a wire fence, he went through first, other knights holding the strands up to give him room. Albert Warner was allowed to crawl through last. Nobody waited for him. Moreover he carried Sir Lee's stockings until they were dry enough to wear.

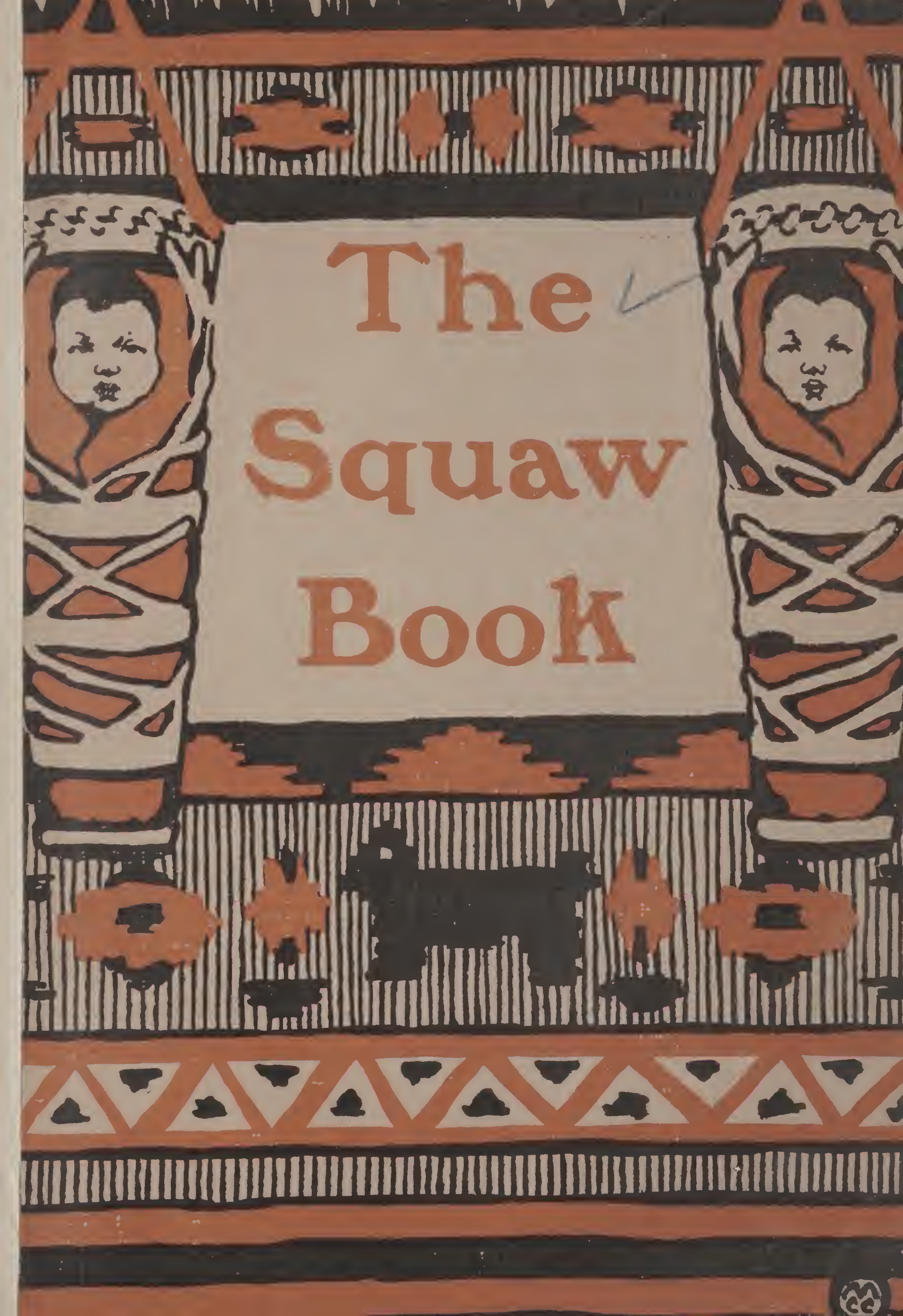
"Sir head knight," said the archer, at the first stopping place, "I vote that the first fellow that calls Sir Lee 'Fatty' after this shall be suspended from our order and soused in the creek and I vote that Sir Lee is the pink and flower of chivalry."

It was carried without dissent.

Sir Lee's rise to eminence was as remarkable as Albert Warner's fall. I know not how to account for the latter, save on the ground that the good-natured heroism, uncomplaining cheerfulness, and power of make-believe had suddenly thrown out in strong relief Albert Warner's cynical materialism and worldly self-esteem. It is not true that children can always detect sham and selfishness at first glance; but when once it is detected the punishment is not pleasant. Albert's fall was as that of Merlin in the days of King Arthur, and Sparta knows him no more.

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LB Mr '10

The book cover features a central white rectangular area containing the title. This central area is framed by a wide, ornate border. The border is composed of several horizontal bands: a top band with vertical black lines and orange star-like motifs; a band with stylized orange and black figures; a band with vertical black lines and orange star-like motifs; a band with a repeating geometric pattern of orange triangles and black shapes; and a bottom band with vertical black lines. On the left and right sides of the central area, there are stylized figures of Native American women in traditional dress, including headbands and patterned tunics.

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